

# SMASH

10¢

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.D.  
4

APRIL  
No. 82

# COMICS

THIS  
IS  
WOODLAND BOY

THIS IS THE  
TUNE HE WROTE



AND THIS IS THE  
JAM SESSION IT  
CAUSED...WITH  
MAESTRO *MIDNIGHT*  
DOWN-BEATING IT TO  
THE TOP OF THE  
"HIT" PARADE



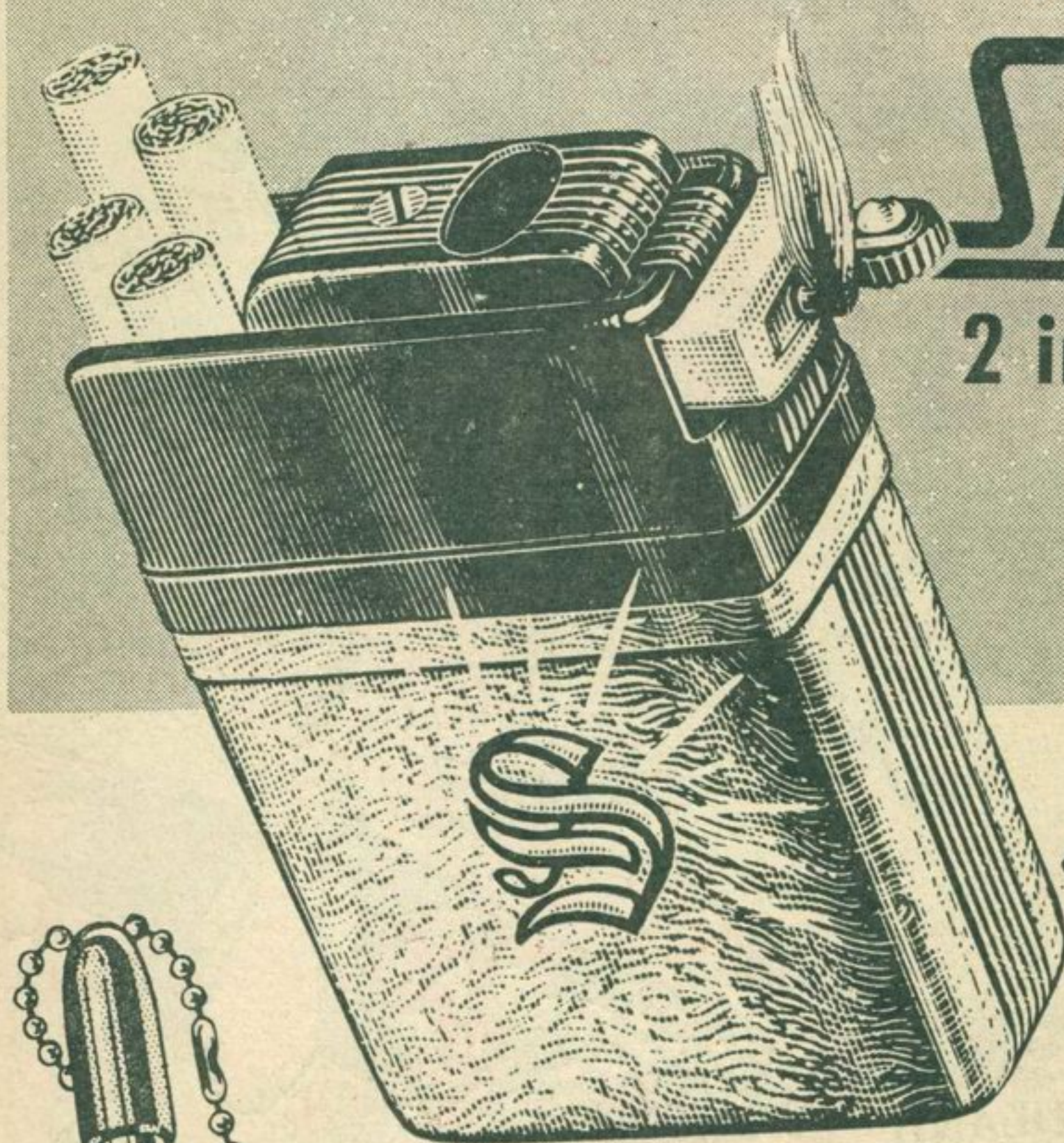




WEB COMIC  
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*It's Here! It's New!*  
*It's Available Now!*



# THE *Slide-o-matic*

**2 in 1 COMBINATION LIGHTER  
and CIGARETTE CASE**



Works like magic. A flip of the finger gives you both the cigarette and lighter. This amazing two-in-one combination cigarette case and metal lighter is made of durable two-tone plastic and metal. Holds full pack of cigarettes and keeps them fresh. Extra large fluid capacity lighter guaranteed to work every time.

And—at no extra cost—your cigarette case will be monogrammed with your own initial, in ornamental lettering that GLOWS IN THE DARK.

**If you order today  
this pen is yours!  
WORLD'S SMALLEST  
BALL POINT PEN**

Small enough to fit coin purse or vest pocket...big enough to write for months without a refill. Handy chain for keys.

**TRY FOR 10 DAYS  
AT NO COST TO YOU**

Simply send your name and address and initial wanted. Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. Or send \$1.98 with order, and lighter case with glowing monogram and pen will be shipped prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The smartest, most useful, most ingenious new invention for cigarette smokers... a beautiful, colorful, two-tone combination lighter built on an entirely new principle. Just imagine... only one motion of the finger gives you both the cigarettes and the lighter. It is a startling improvement over anything else you have ever seen... a wonderful necessity for every cigarette smoker. **EXTRA SURPRISE:** you'll find that the cigarette case has been monogrammed with your own initial in an ornamental letter which glows in the dark.



**SURE-FIRE  
CIGARETTE  
LIGHTER**



**CIGARETTE CASE  
WITH GLOW-IN-  
THE-DARK INITIAL**



**HANDY KEY CHAIN  
& BALL POINT PEN**

**ALL 3**

*for only*

**\$1.98**

**SEND NO MONEY**

**E-Z INDUSTRIES, DEPT. NM**

**1226 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.**

Please rush \_\_\_\_\_ lighter cigarette case combination  
plus ball point pen on key chain, all for \$1.98.

My initial is \_\_\_\_\_ payment in full. Ship

☐ I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
postpaid.

☐ Ship COD—I will pay charges plus postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PRINT)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**E-Z INDUSTRIES**

1226 N. Western Ave.

Chicago 22, Ill.



# MIDNIGHT

ER-OOWW

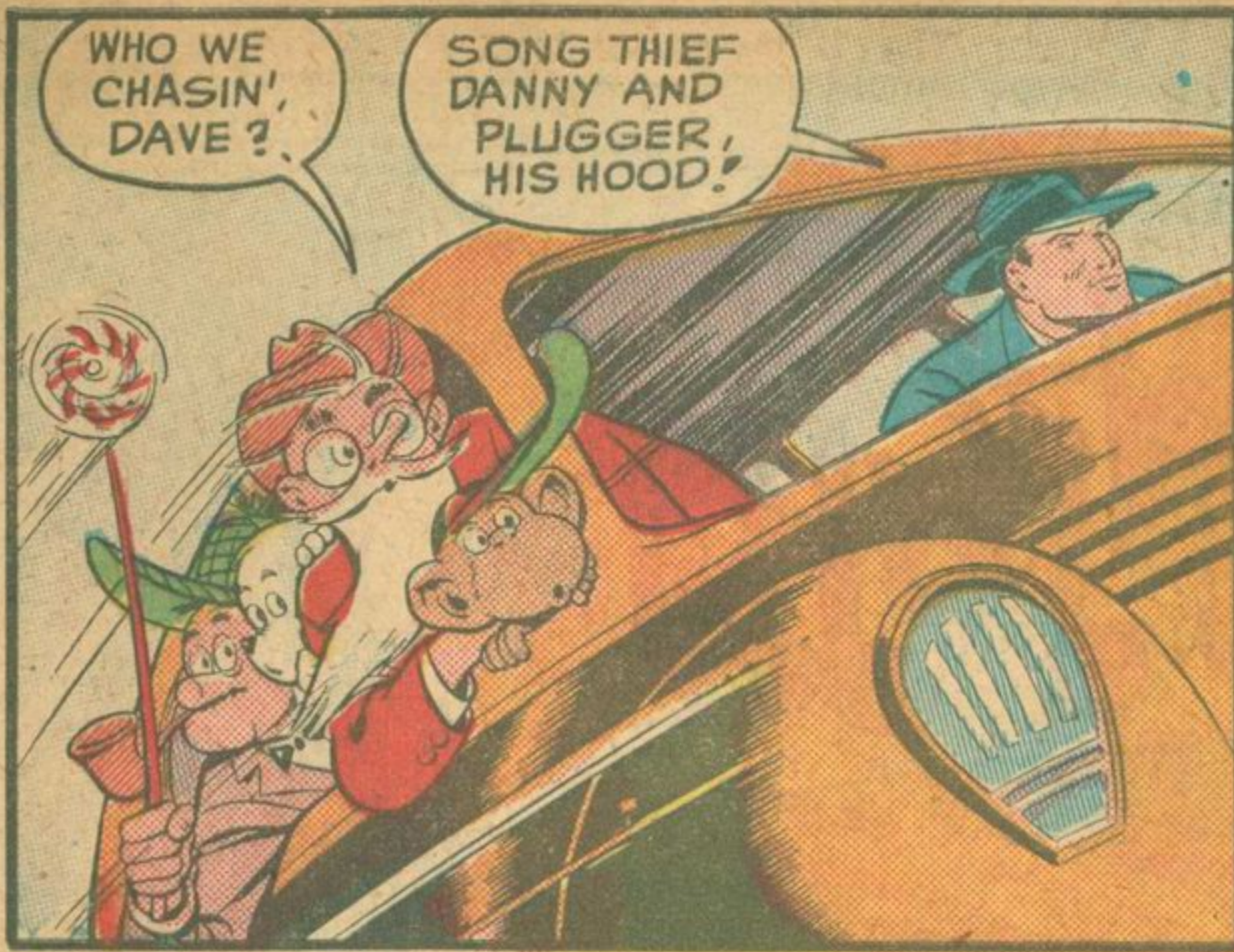
WOODLAND  
BOY!

WOODLAND  
BOY'S GOT THEM!  
HE ENCHANTS  
EVERYBODY  
EVENTUALLY!

Dave Clark, a radio announcer who becomes **MIDNIGHT** in times of emergency, forces a couple of crooks to sing a different tune when they try to slip a sour note into the peaceful life of Woodland Boy!

JACK GOLDF

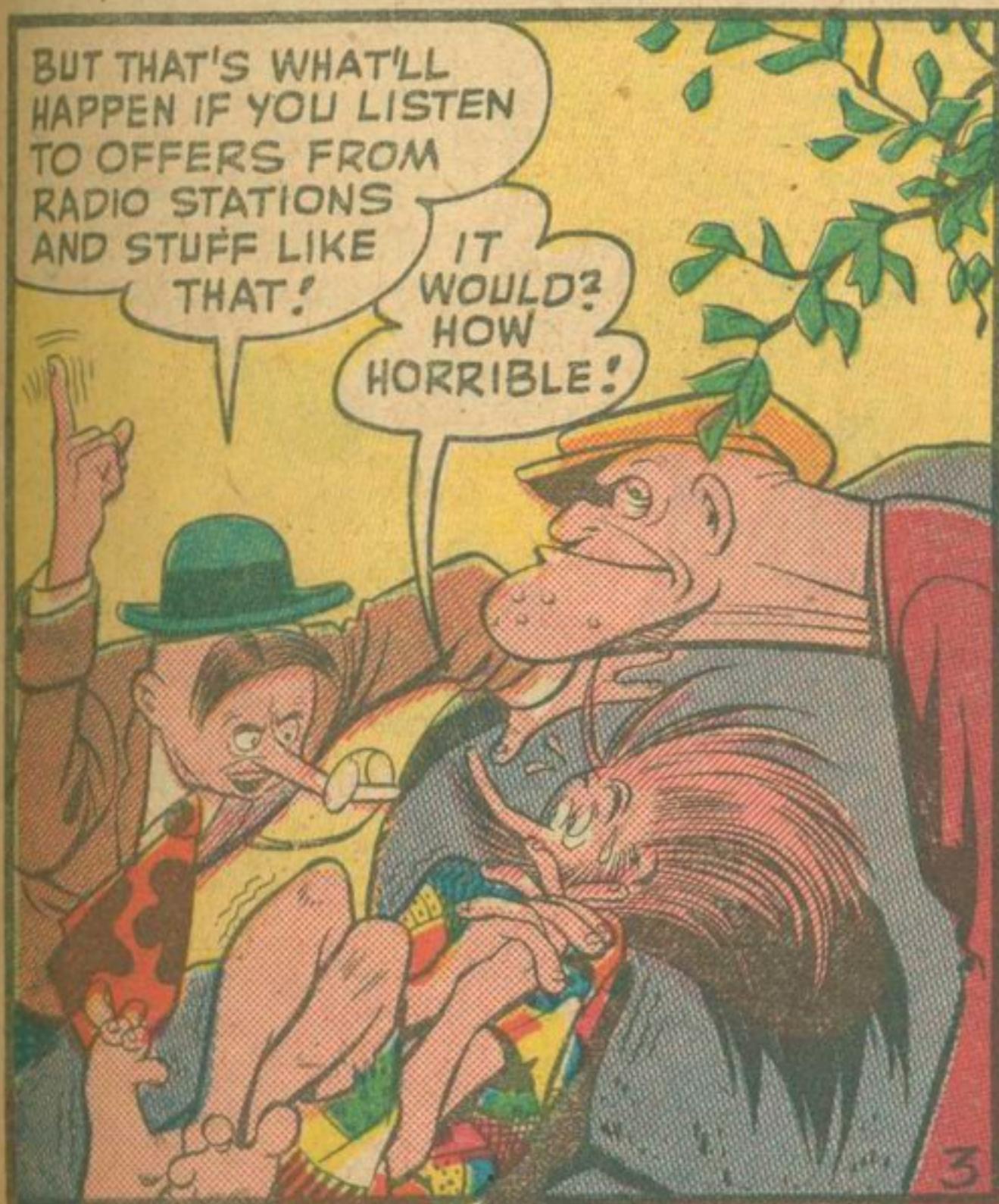
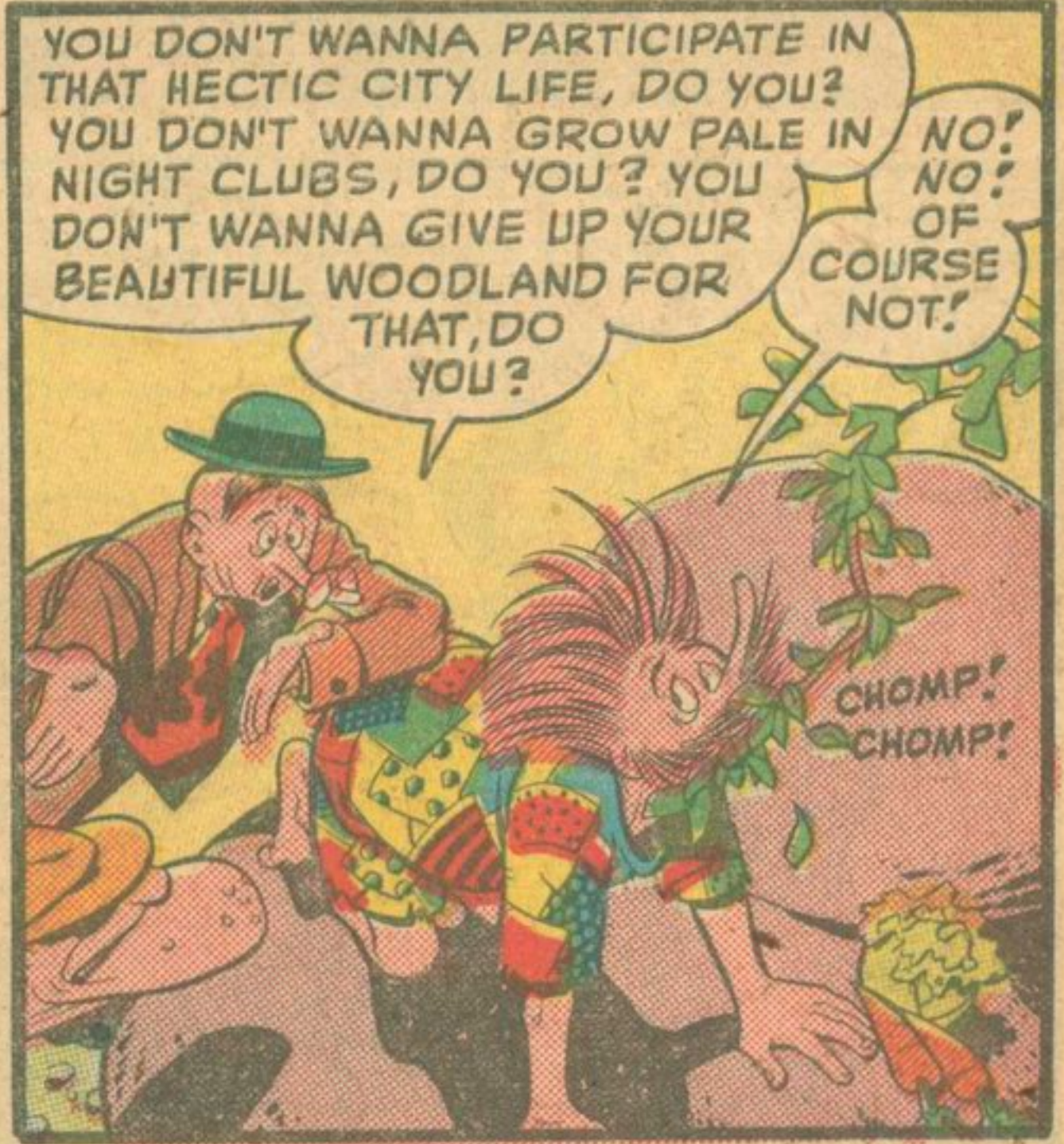




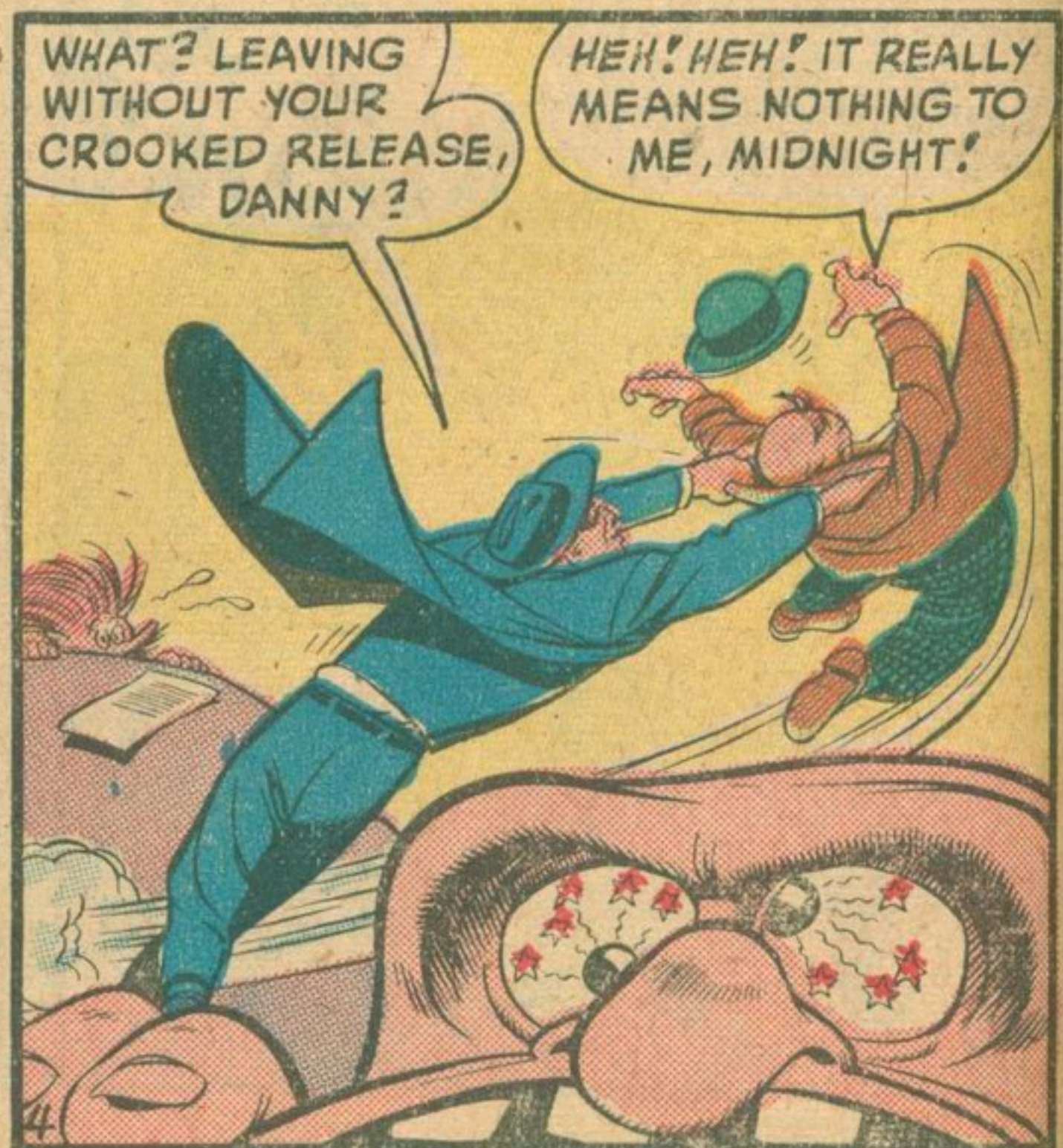
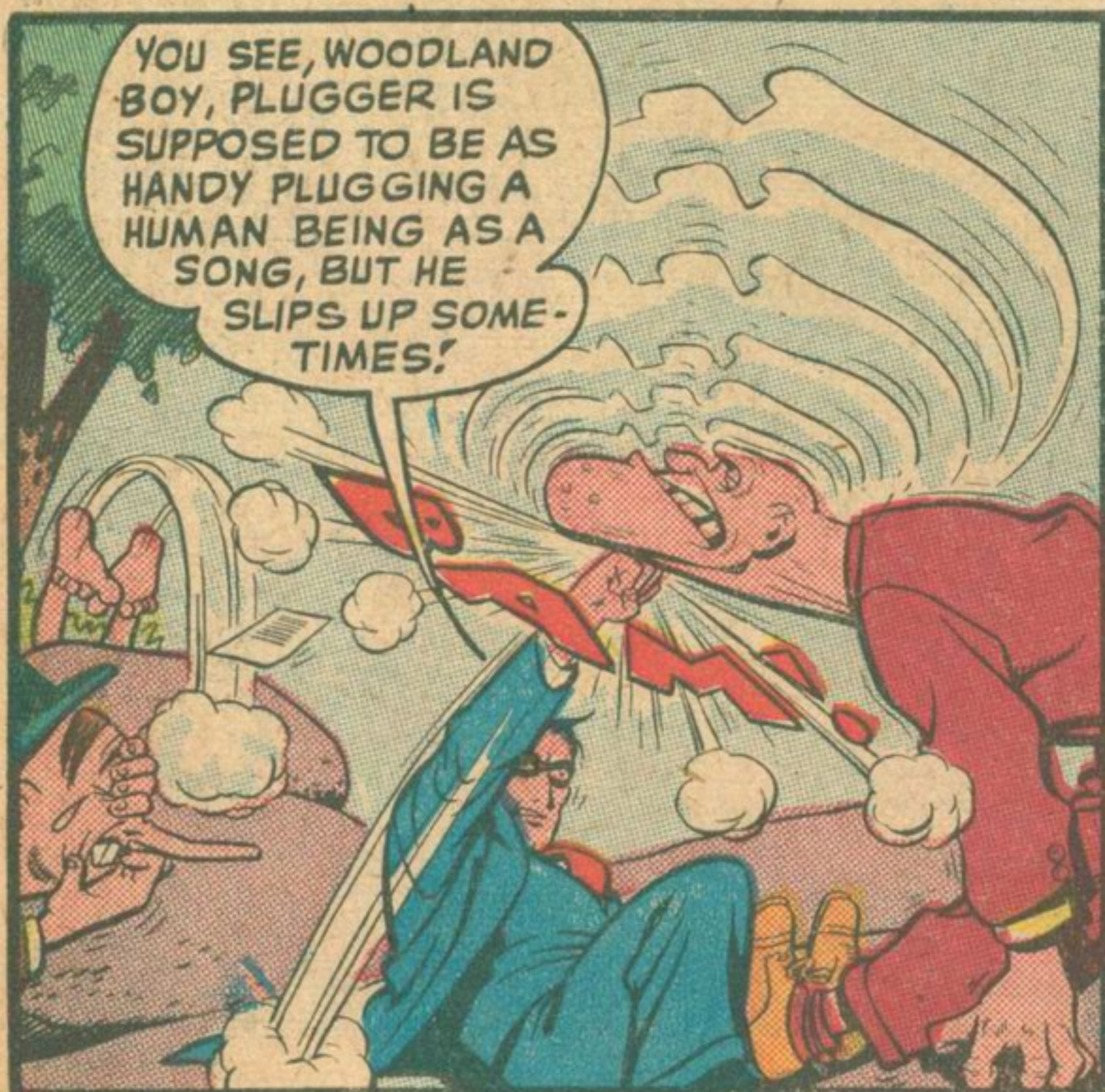
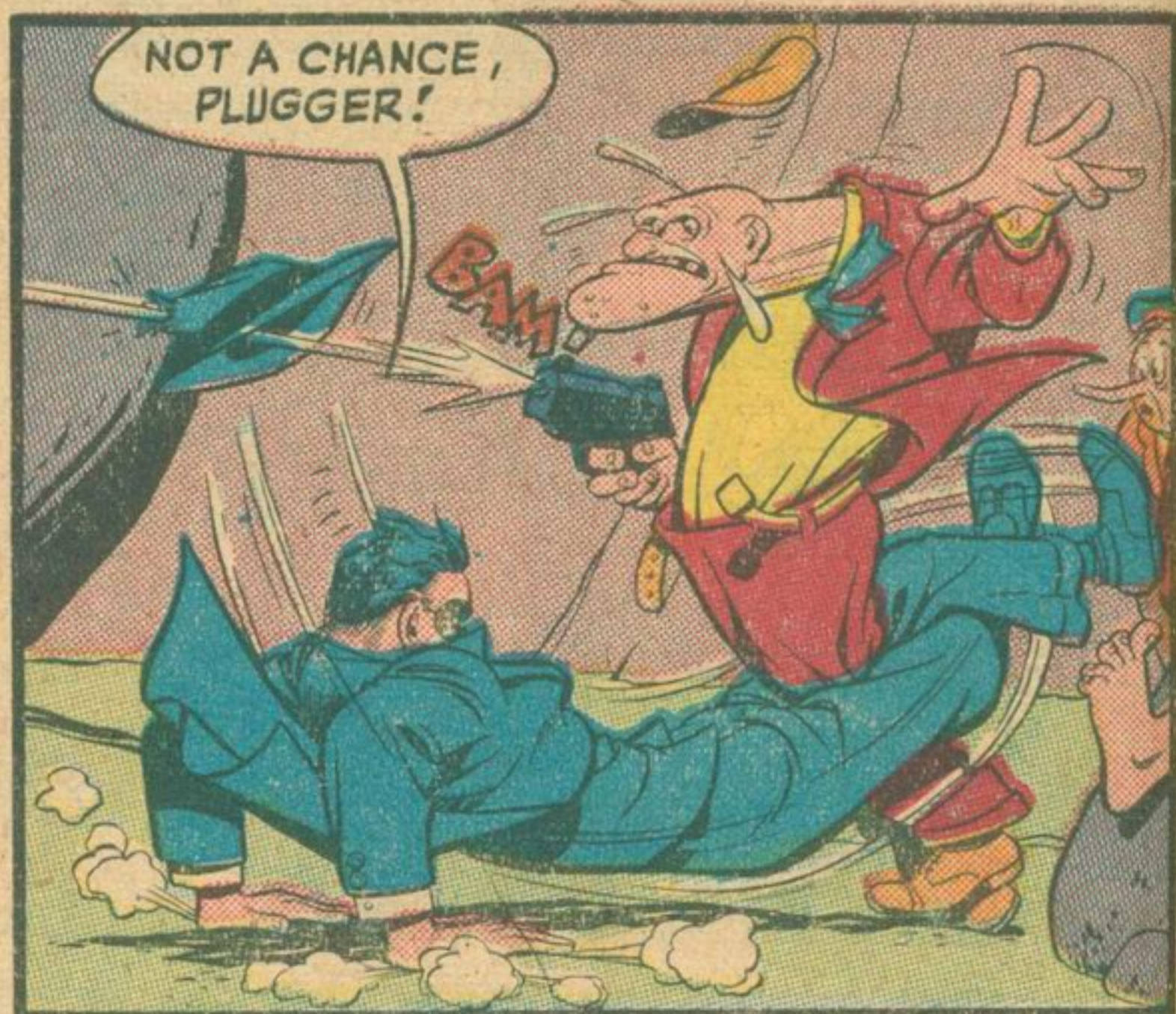
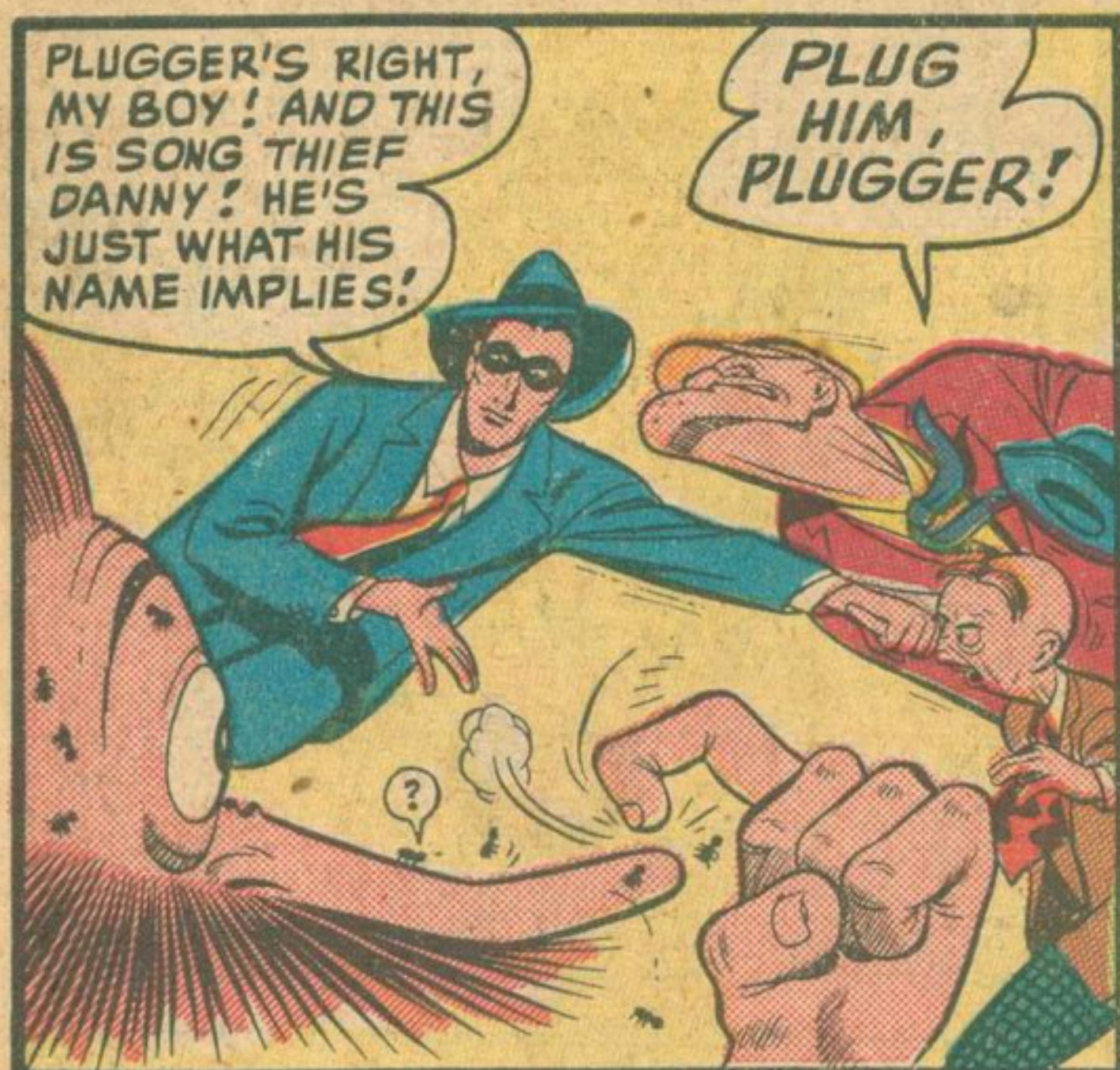
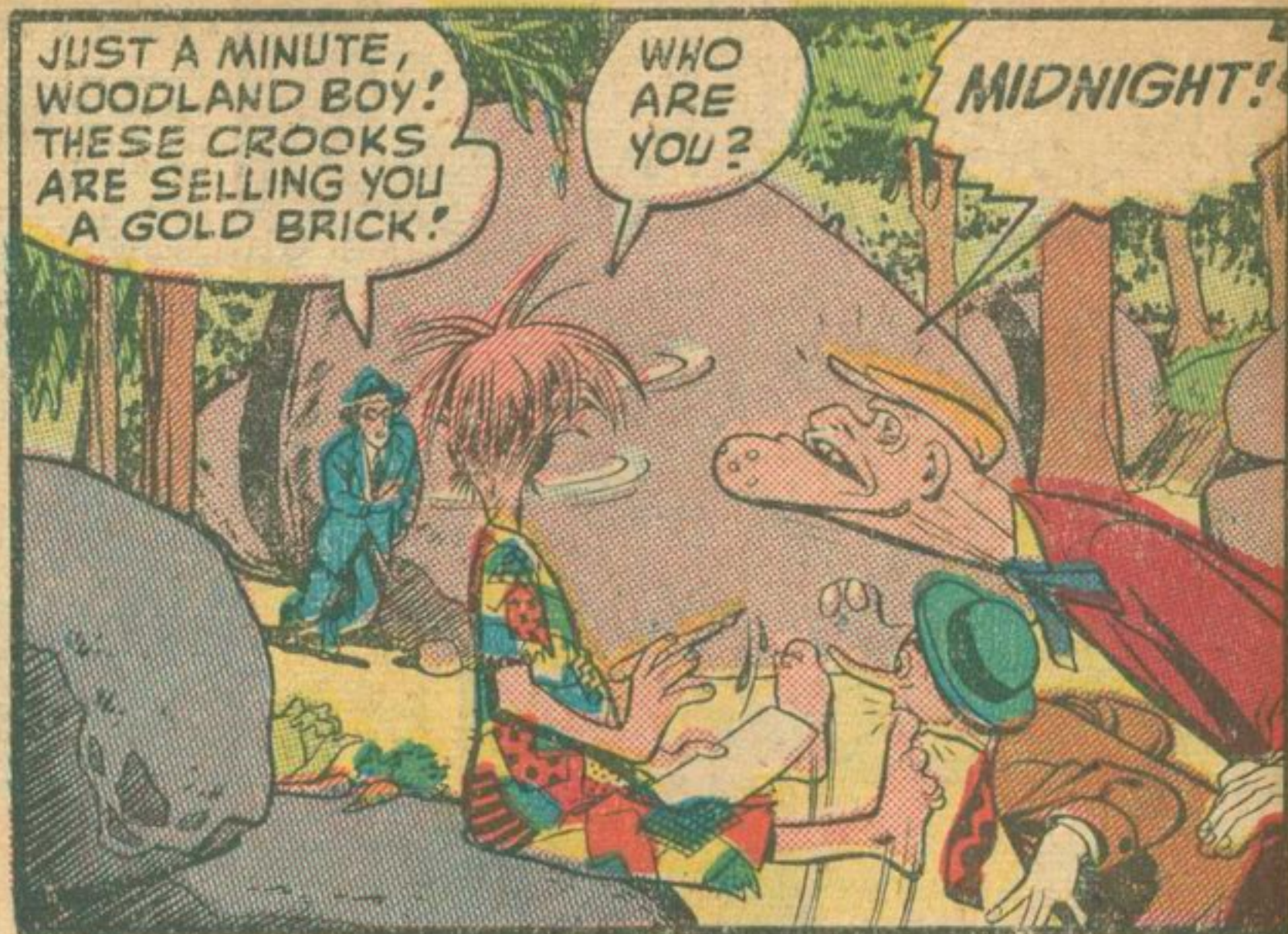




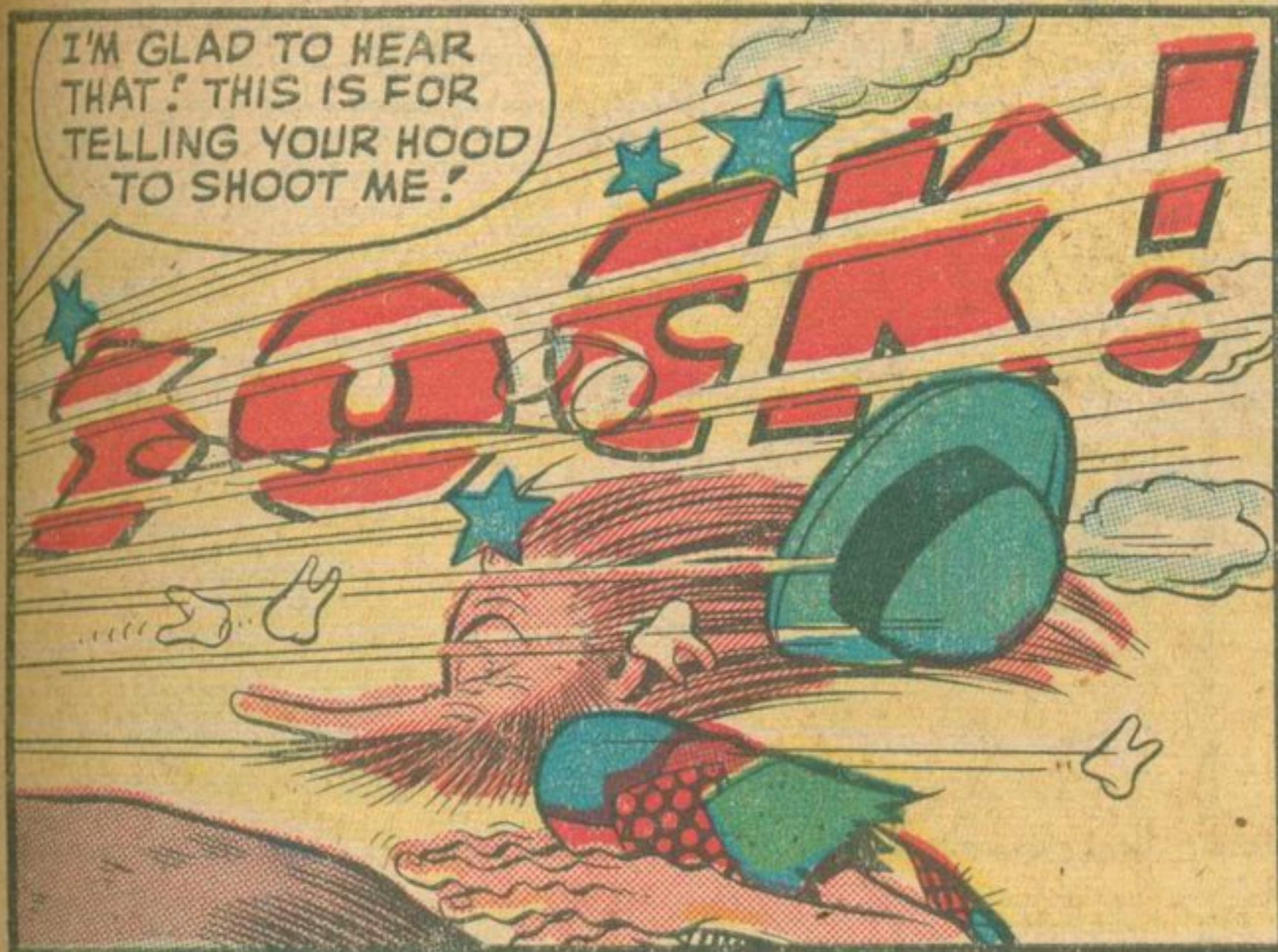
As Dave Clark enters the woods, he becomes MIDNIGHT, crime fighter and sleuth...







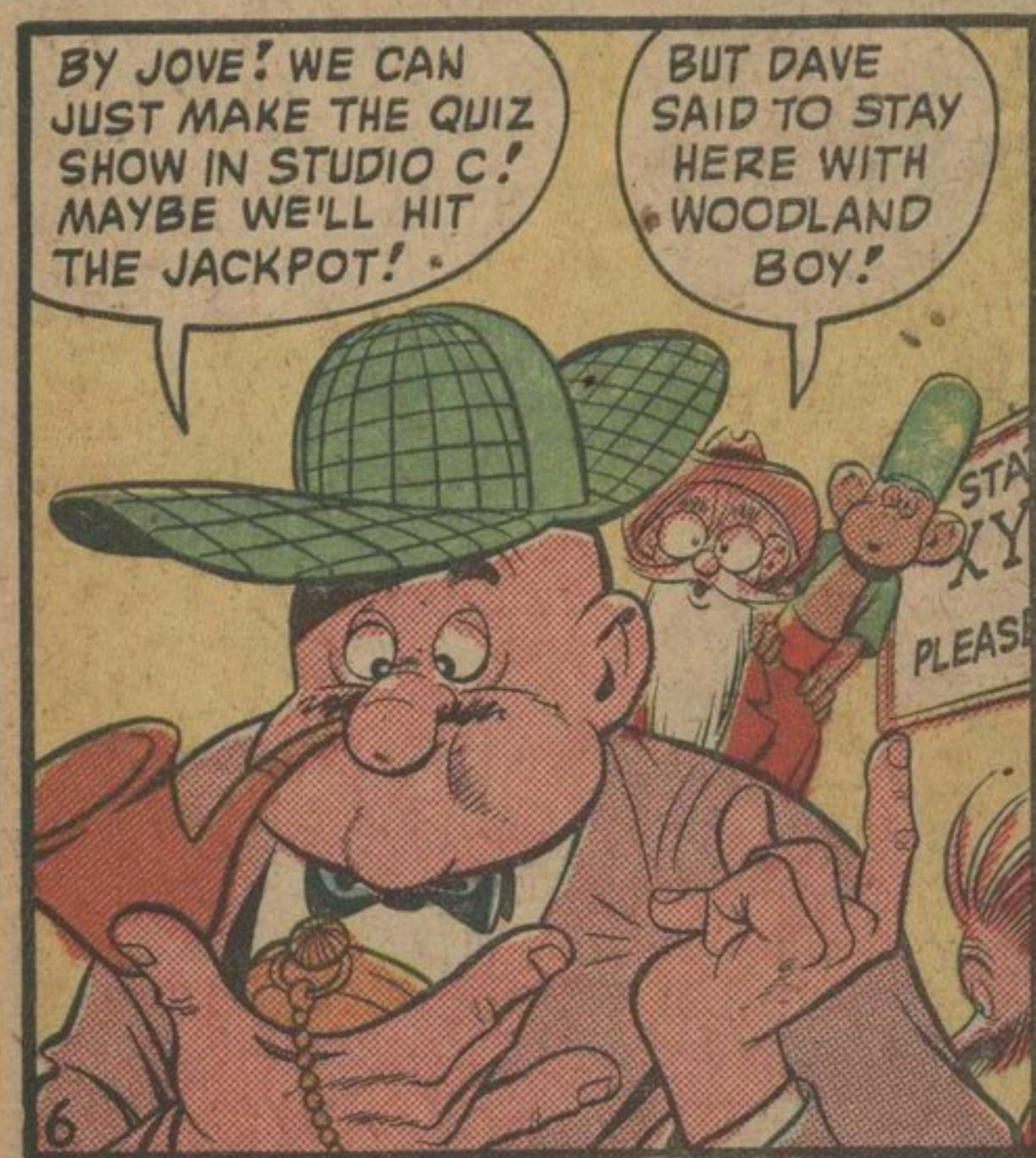








By the time MIDNIGHT'S pals reach the car with Woodland Boy, Midnight has become Dave Clark again and waits ...



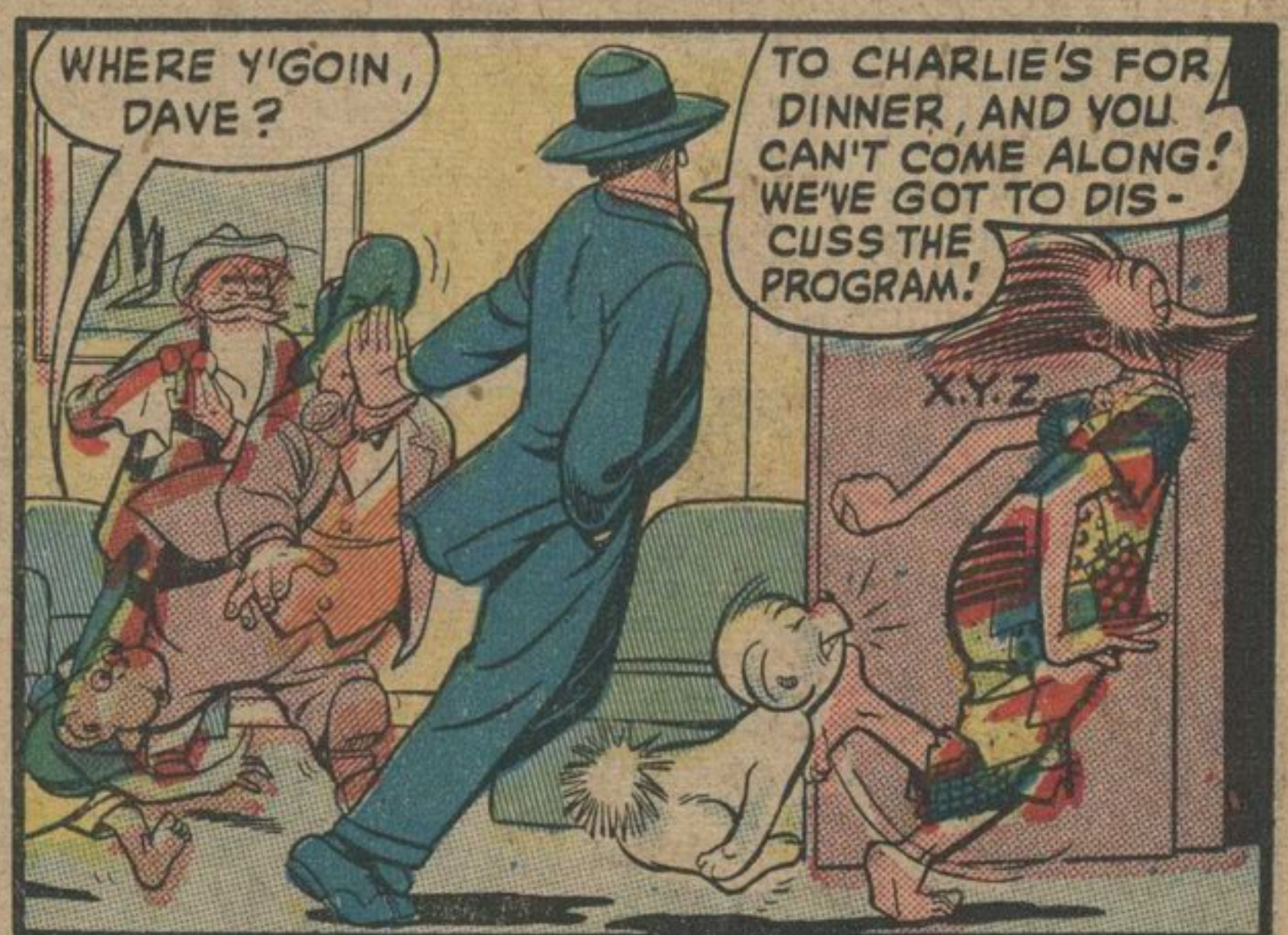














A little later...



WELL... WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE STUDIO FOR A REHEARSAL!

NOT ME, CHUM! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS!



HEY! LET GO THAT BEARD! HA, HA! HE'S OUT, ALL RIGHT!



A few minutes later...

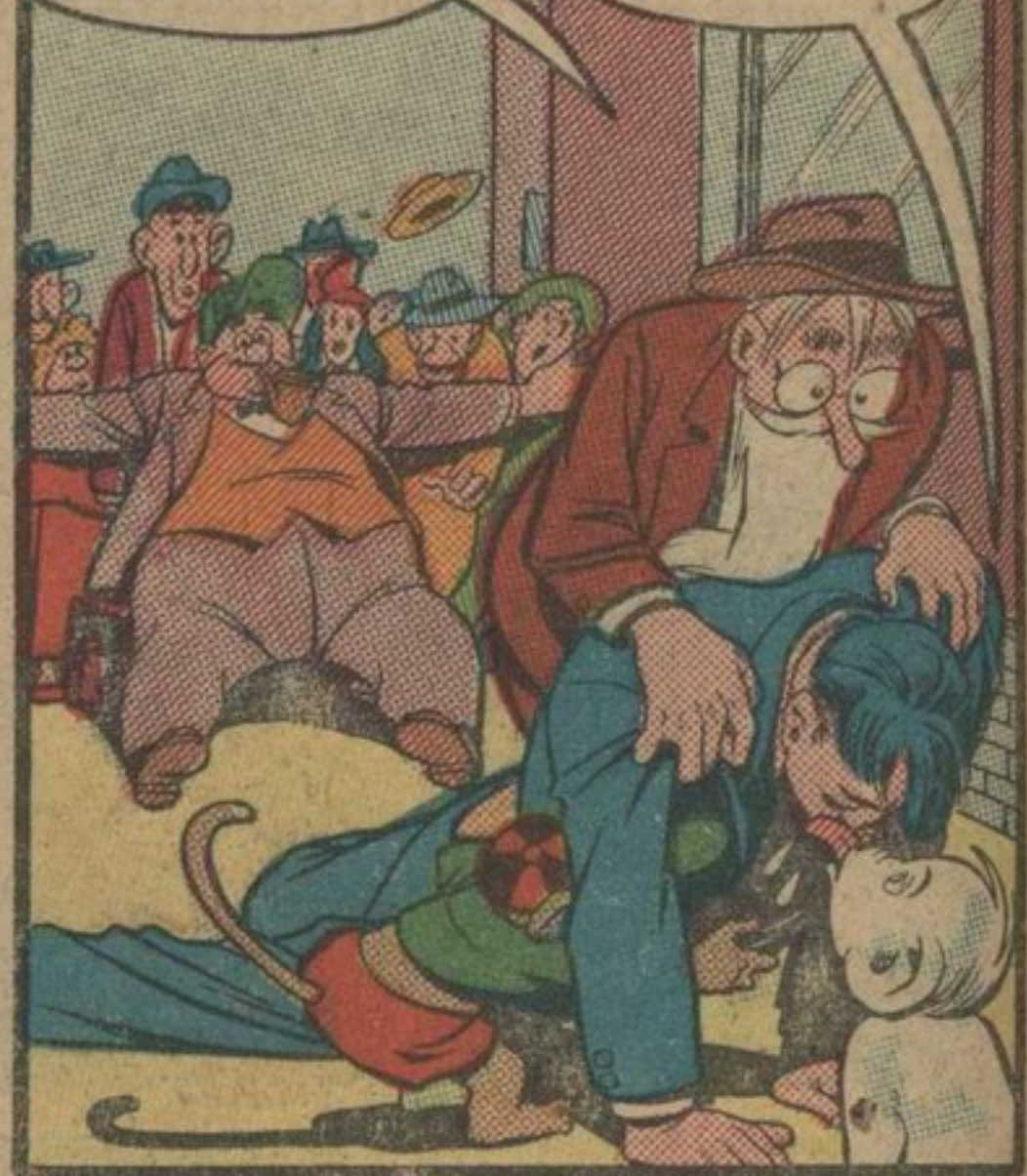
GUESS WE MAY AS WELL GO HOME!

LOOK! IT'S DAVE! HE'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT!

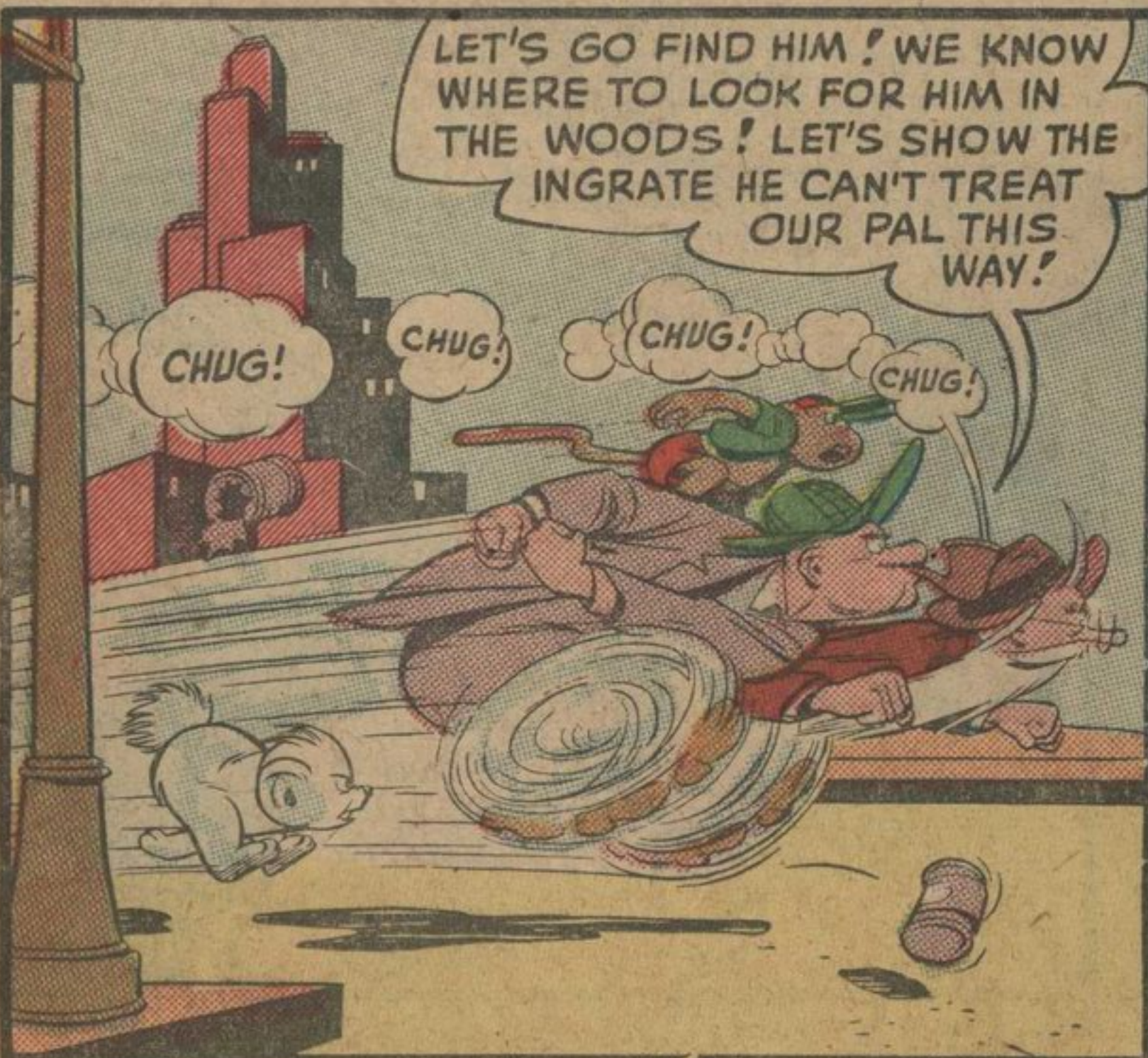


DAVE, YOU ALL RIGHT? WHO GOT YOU?

WOODLAND BOY, I GUESS!



LET'S GO FIND HIM! WE KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR HIM IN THE WOODS! LET'S SHOW THE INGRATE HE CAN'T TREAT OUR PAL THIS WAY!



A TUFT OF HAIR WITH GLUE ON THE ENDS... FROM WOODLAND BOY'S BEARD! AND THE COCKY WAY HE TALKED... SO UN-LIKE WOODLAND BOY! I THINK I GET IT NOW!





Once again Dave Clark becomes MIDNIGHT...

SONG THIEF DANNY AND PLUGGER LIVE HERE! THEY'LL BE VERY SURPRISED TO SEE ME AGAIN!



**GRAWK!** THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN TO ME SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A SONG WRITER! MIDNIGHT AGAIN!

I SORT OF EXPECTED A BIG HELLO LIKE THIS!



DANNY, NEXT TIME YOU PUT ON A BEARD MAKE SURE NOBODY GRABS A PIECE OF IT! AND WHEN YOU IMPERSONATE SOMEBODY IMITATE HIS HABITS!

OWWW! ALL THIS AND LECTURES TOO!



Meanwhile...

THERE HE IS, THE INFAMOUS CAD! HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED DAVE, BUT DOES THAT BOTHER HIM? NO! LET'S GET HIM!

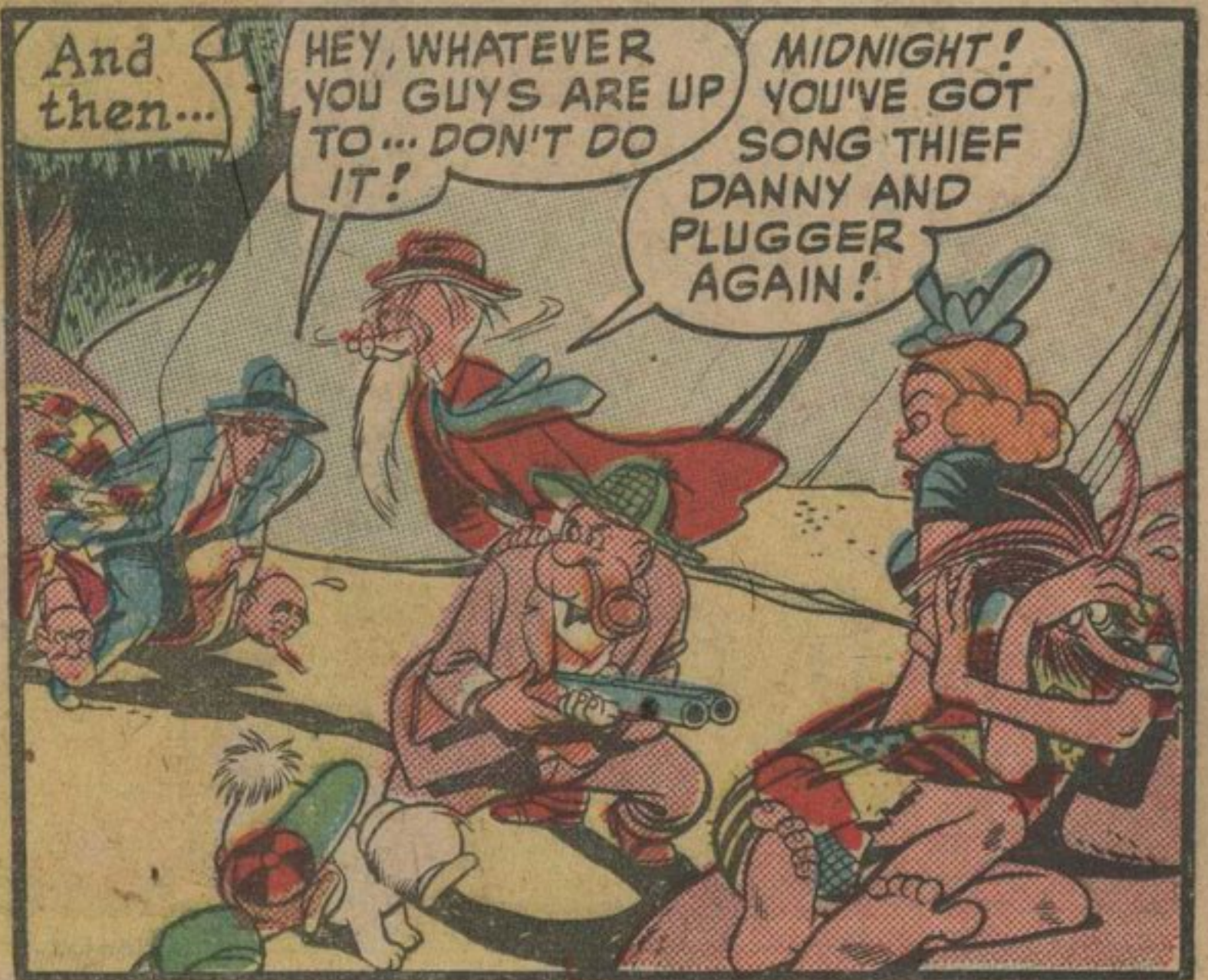
WHAT? ME HARM ANYONE? I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT!



And then...

HEY, WHATEVER YOU GUYS ARE UP TO... DON'T DO IT!

MIDNIGHT! YOU'VE GOT SONG THIEF DANNY AND PLUGGER AGAIN!



RIGHT! I MADE 'EM CONFESS THAT THEY PAID THIS LADY TO BRING WOODLAND BOY OUT HERE! DANNY WAS PLAYING WOODLAND BOY! LIKE THIS! I HAVE ENOUGH ON THEM NOW TO GET THEM A JAIL SENTENCE!

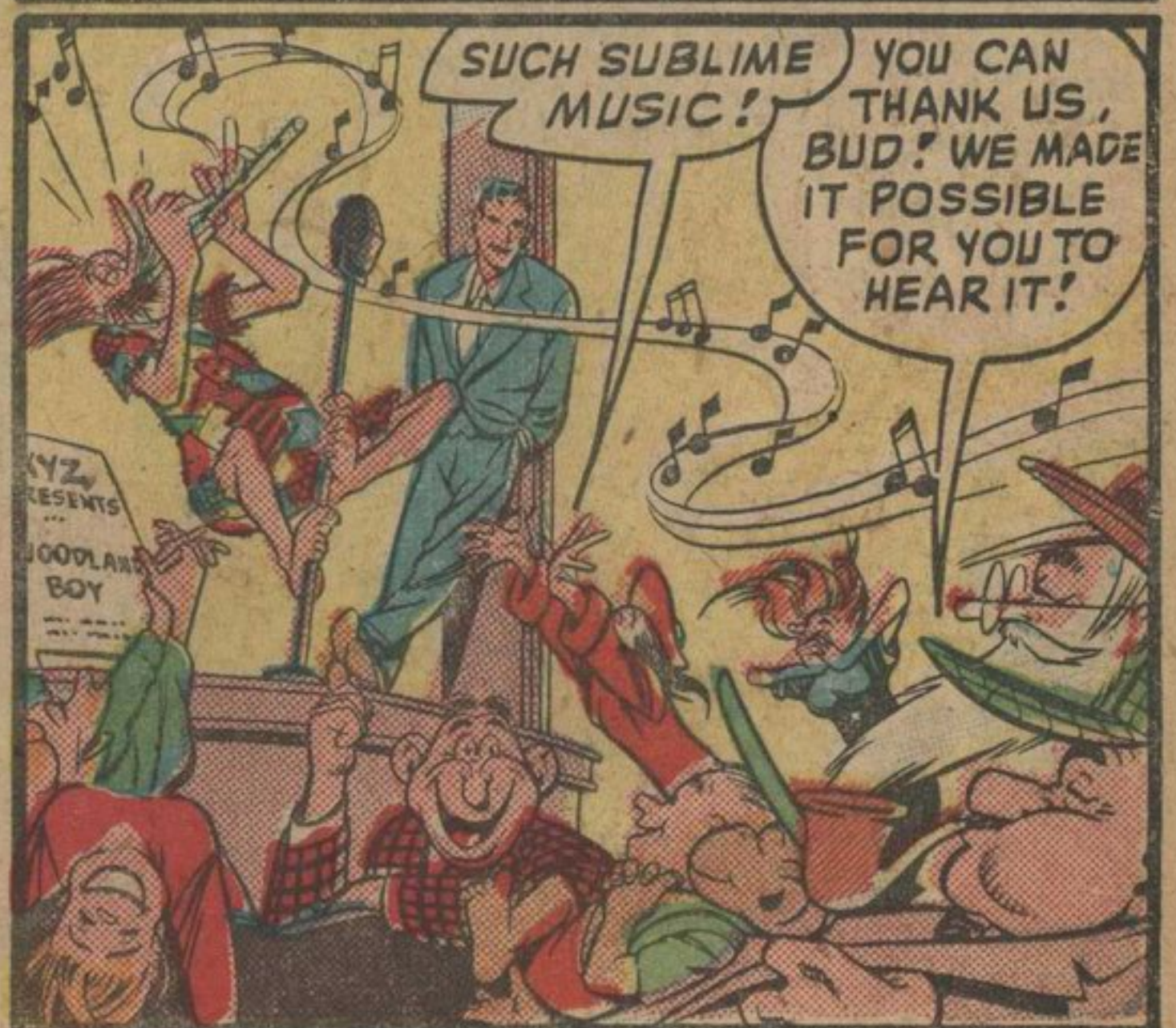
HOW SHOCKING! HOW CONTRARY TO NATURE!



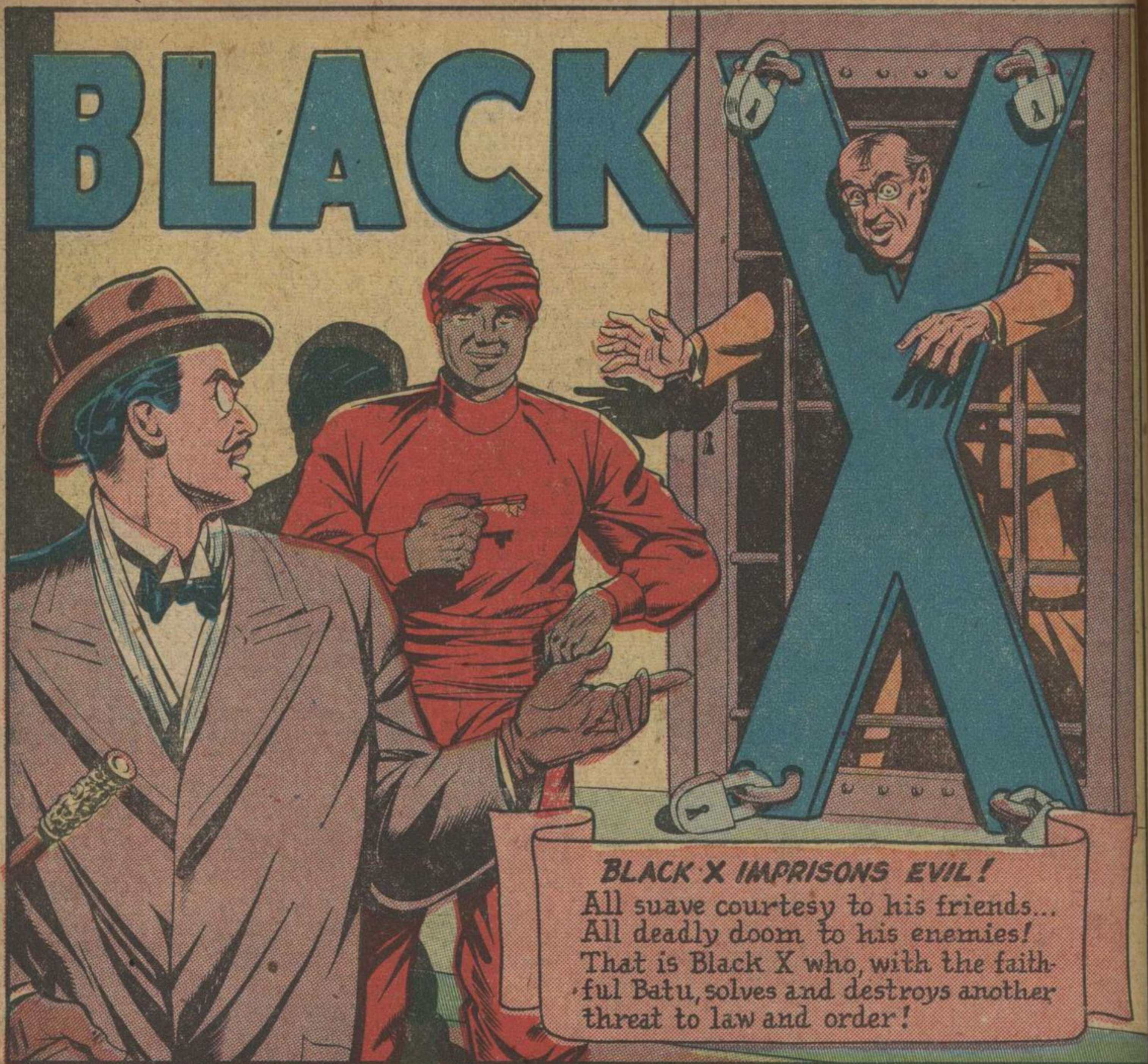
At the broadcast that night...

SUCH SUBLIME MUSIC!

YOU CAN THANK US, BUD! WE MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO HEAR IT!











YOU SPEAK IN RIDDLES, MR. CHANNING! BUT WHO STABBED YOU... DO YOU KNOW?

KNOW? YES... I WAS STABBED BY...



HE KNEW HIS MURDERER, SAHIB, BUT DIED BEFORE HE COULD SPEAK THE NAME!

TELEPHONE POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, BATU! ASK FOR OUR FRIEND, INSPECTOR BEEF BURTON!



DON'T STOP ME FOR ANYTHING TRIVIAL, BLACK X! WE'VE GOT A MYSTERY TO SOLVE... CHANNING THE ARCHAEOLOGIST. HE'S VANISHED!



HE'S RIGHT HERE AT MY PLACE, BEEF! BUT HE'S DEAD! CAN YOU COME OVER AT ONCE?



*Beef Burton arrives, with a companion...*

KROSO'S THE NAME, BLACK X! I WAS POOR CHANNING'S PARTNER IN STUDYING PRIMITIVE AMERICAN INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS!

THEN YOU MAY KNOW WHAT HE MEANT BY THE **FIRE BEETLE!** IT WAS ALMOST HIS LAST WORD!



FIRE BEETLE? I NEVER HEARD THAT TERM... CAN'T EXPLAIN IT!

**BUT I CAN!**



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS THEY SAID THAT INSPECTOR BURTON HAD COME HERE TO EXAMINE CHANNING'S BODY!

I'M INSPECTOR BURTON! AND HERE'S CHANNING... **DEAD!** WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?



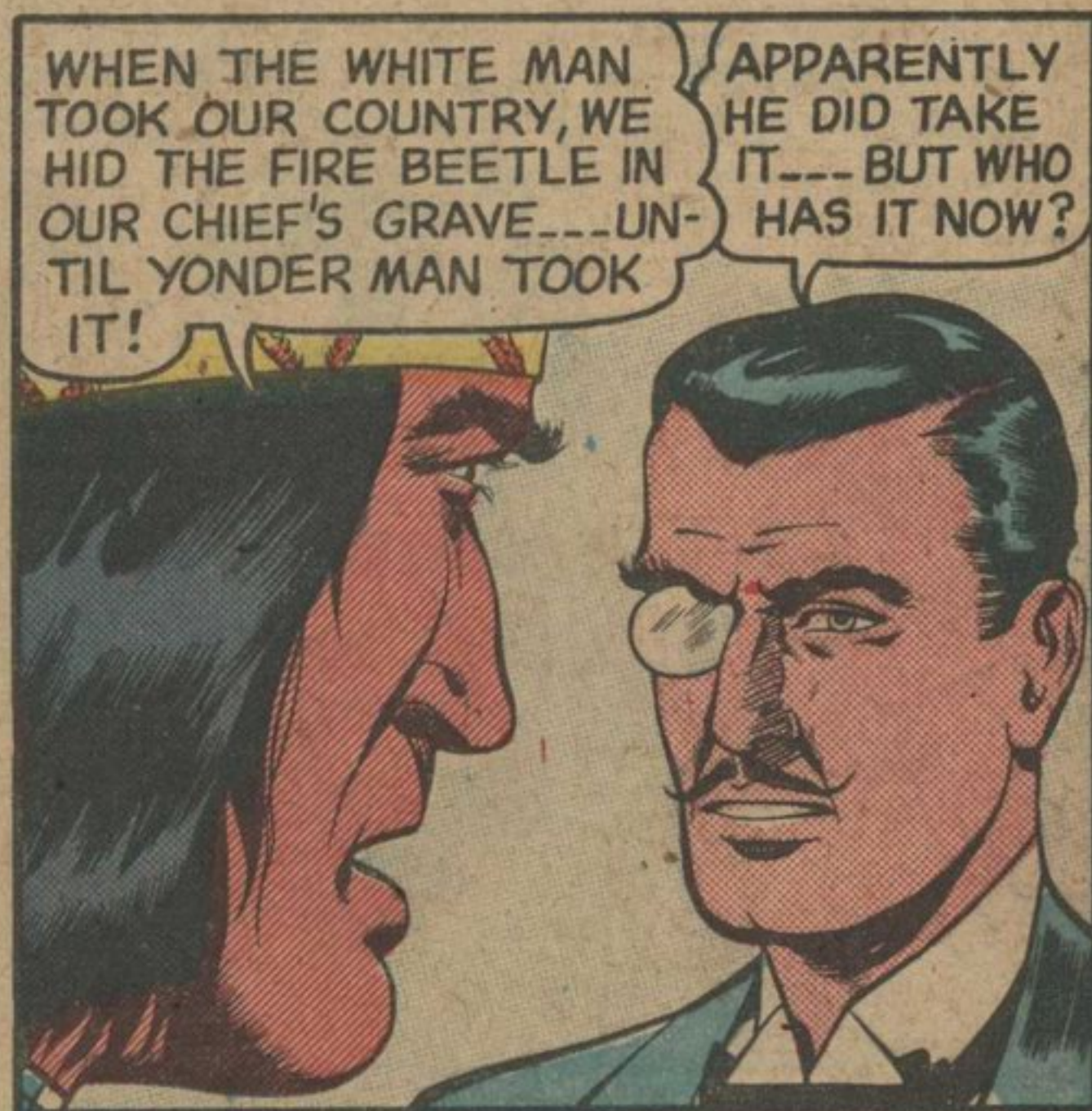
CHANNING OPENED AN ANCIENT GRAVE OF MY PEOPLE... TOOK FROM IT THE **FIRE BEETLE!** I COME TO DEMAND THE SACRED TREASURE AGAIN!

THIS SAVAGE MUST HAVE KILLED CHANNING! ARREST HIM, INSPECTOR!











WELL, POOR CHANNING DOESN'T HAVE IT, NOR DO THESE VISITORS OF OURS HAVE IT OR THEY WOULDN'T SEEK IT! AND CHANNING WAS KILLED FOR THE SAKE OF THE FIRE BEETLE!

SO YOU SAY HE TOLD YOU! BUT WHERE DO I COME IN?

CHANNING DIED TRYING TO TELL HIS KILLER'S NAME, AND IT WAS SOMEONE HE KNEW! AND WHO WOULD COME CLOSER TO KNOWLEDGE OF CHANNING'S SECRET THAN HIS FELLOW-SCHOLAR... YOURSELF?

I WON'T STAY TO BE INSULTED! OUT OF MY WAY, YOU...



DO NOT LEAVE UNTIL BLACK X SAHIB HAS FINISHED TALKING TO YOU!

LOOK OUT, BATU! HE HAS A KNIFE AT HIS KNEE!

DROP IT, KROSO!

LET ME HAVE IT! THERE'S BLOOD ON IT!



I'LL STAKE MY JOB THE BLOOD TEST WILL SHOW THIS KNIFE KILLED CHANNING! KROSO'S GUILTY!

HANDS UP, THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU!

SO YOU HAD A REVOLVER AS WELL AS A KNIFE!

YES! AND IT'S LOADED WITH SIX CARTRIDGES!





I CAN'T ESCAPE... NEITHER CAN YOU! FIVE SHOTS TO KILL YOU... THE SIXTH FOR **ME!**

YOU'RE FORGETTING THE SEVENTH MAN PRESENT, KROSO! CHANNING... HE ISN'T DEAD, AFTER ALL!

LOOK AT HIM! THE EXCITEMENT HAS BROUGHT BACK HIS SENSES... HE'S GETTING UP TO ACCUSE YOU!

IF MY KNIFE DIDN'T GET HIM, MY GUN WILL!

GOOD! I STARTLED HIM INTO LOOKING AWAY FOR **ONE INSTANT...** AT THE MAN HE MURDERED!

HERE IN HIS POCKET... THIS MUST BE THE **FIRE BEETLE!** A VALUABLE JEWEL, FOR WHICH HE KILLED HIS FRIEND!

I THINK IT SHOULD BE RETURNED TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS, BEEF... THESE VISITORS OF OURS!

GUARD THE TREASURE OF YOUR PEOPLE, LEST IT CAUSE A MORE DEATH AND SORROW!

BLACK X CONDUCTS HIMSELF AS A TRULY GREAT CHIEFTAIN AND A WISE TEACHER!

HERE COME MY MEN TO TAKE AWAY CHANNING'S BODY AND MY PRISONER, BLACK X! THANKS FOR HELPING OUT AGAIN!

NOT AT ALL, BEEF! I WANT TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO UPHOLD THE LAW!

THAT ADVENTURE TOOK ALMOST EXACTLY AN HOUR, SAHIB!

AND THE CURRY MUST BE READY TO EAT!





LADY LUCK, IT'S A WONDAHFUL PRIVILEGE TO HAVE YOU AS ONE OF OUR CONTESTANTS!

I ALWAYS ENJOY A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY!

STUD C

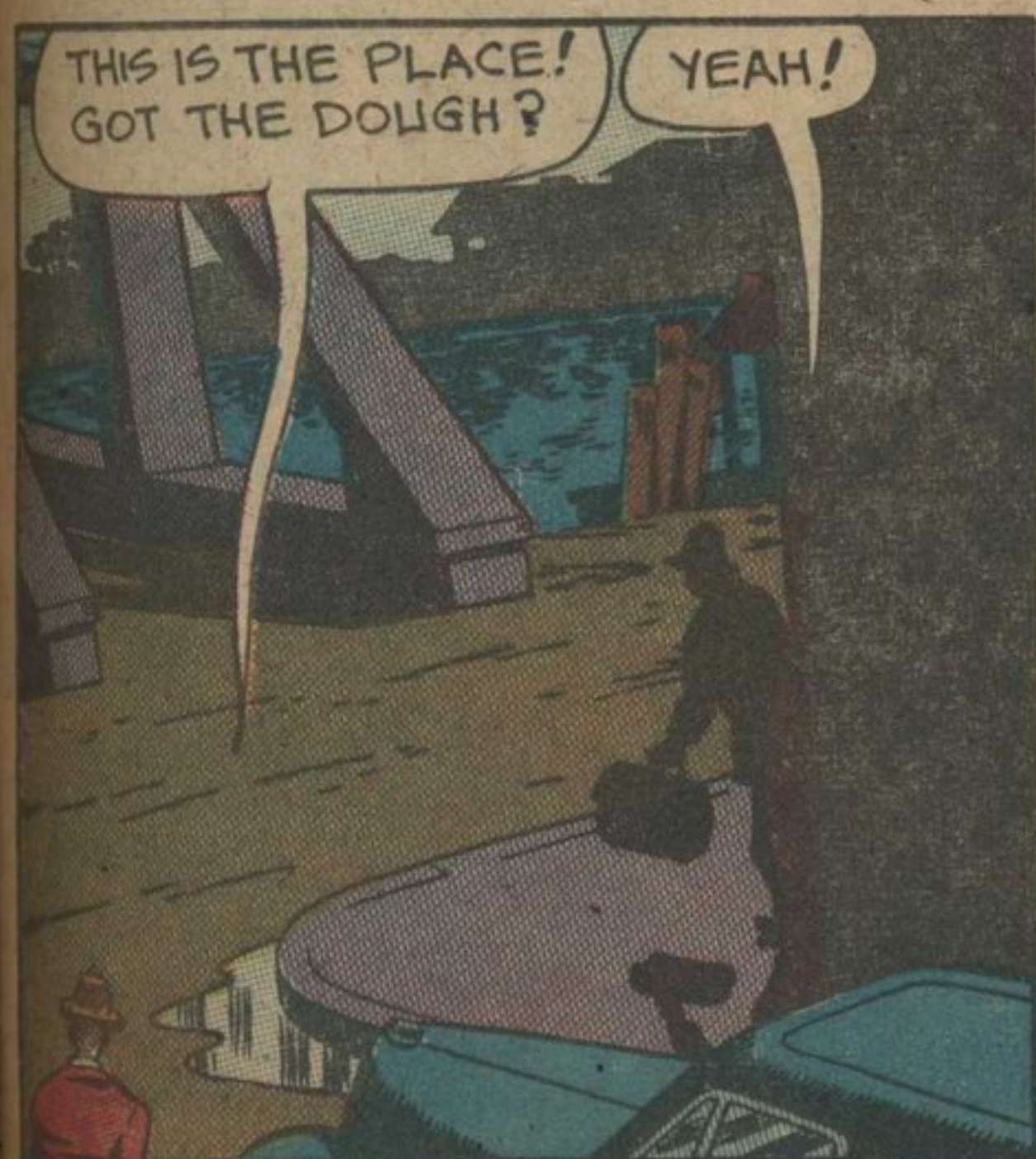
AS YOU KNOW "SOLVE IT" IS A MYSTERY SHOW.. THE PLAYERS WILL ENACT THE CRIME AND GIVE THE HIDDEN CLUES....

YOU MAY TAKE NOTES.. AND AT THE END OF THE PROGRAM, YOU WILL GIVE YOUR SOLUTION TO THE CRIME! THE ONE SHOWING THE MOST ORIGINALITY WILL BE THE WINNER!

QUIET, EVERYBODY! IN TEN SECONDS, THE ANNOUNCER WILL READ A SPOT ANNOUNCEMENT AND THEN THE PERFORMANCE WILL BEGIN!

A USAH, MRS. LULU BRIDGE, WHO LIVES AT 20 WEST END AVENUE, WRITES THIS: "I TAKE PEPPO REGULARLY. FOR LITTLE MONEY, I RECEIVED WONDAHFUL RESULTS IMMEDIATELY!"



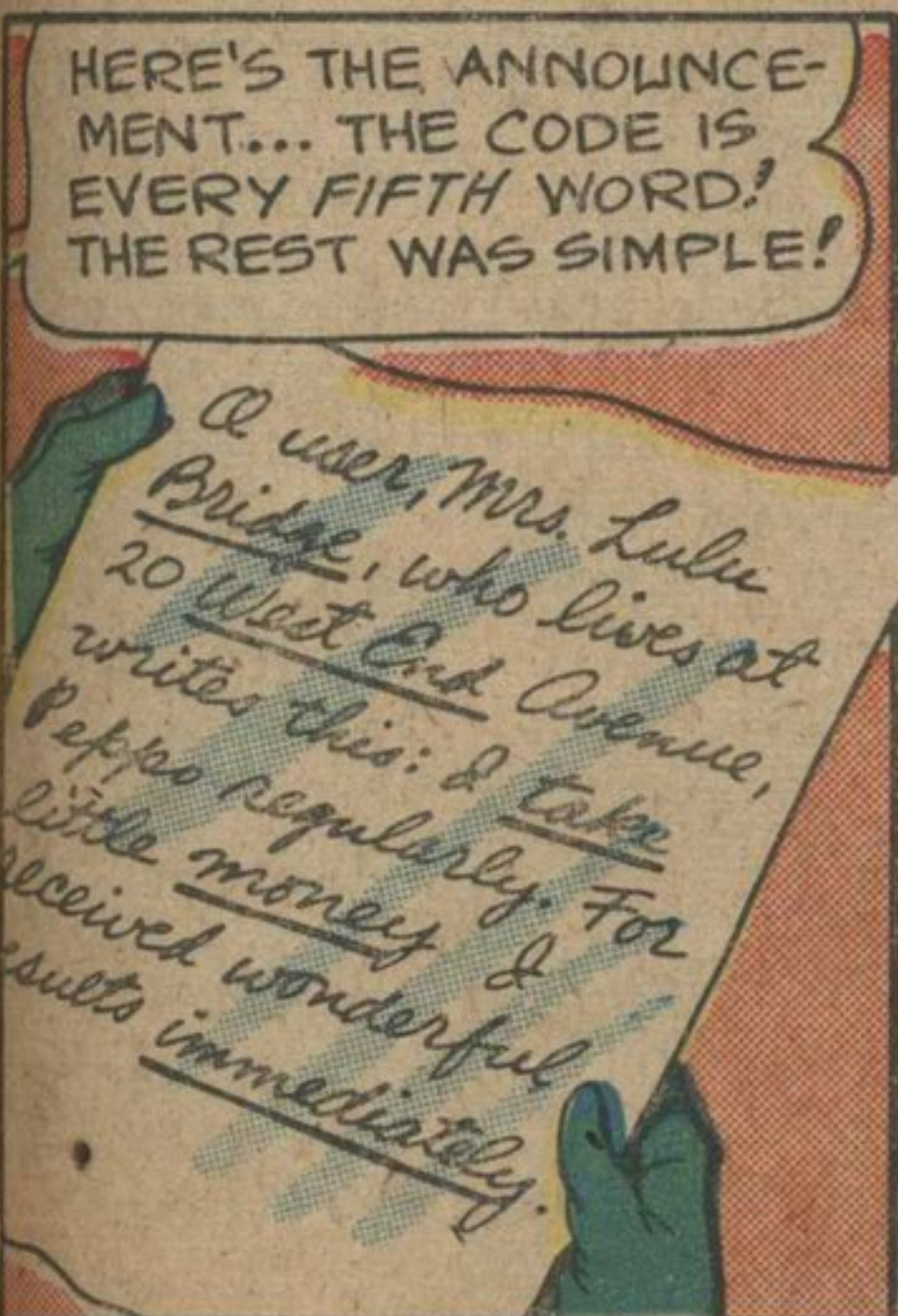




SMASH COMICS









# WHAT GOES UP

**D**OC WACKEY looked up from the laboratory bench where he was working on a compact arrangement of coiled wires and vacuum tubes. "Who let you in?" he asked his visitors sharply.

"No locks can bar Sniffer Snoop, world's greatest detective, and Hotfoot, bloodhound-type bear," Sniffer answered. "Besides, you left the front door open."

"Gabby," Doc shouted at the monkey sitting on his shoulder. "I've told you a thousand times to be sure the door is locked. You can't tell what kind of monsters will wander in . . . and they just did."

Ignoring the Doc's insults, Sniffer reached over to the bench and lifted the device which had been the object of Doc's attention. "Interesting-looking gadget, Doc," he said. "What are these funny-looking knobs?"

"Don't touch those, you idiot," Doc shouted, wagging his beard.

Sniffer twisted the nearest knob and suddenly he was lifted forcibly to the ceiling. When Doc hastily reached over and swung the knob to its original position, Detective Snoop fell heavily to the floor and lay there too amazed to speak.

"Now I suppose you're satisfied, you beagle-nosed blunderer!" Wackey shrieked. "You almost smashed my anti-gravity vibrator. You're lucky you didn't turn it on full force, or you would have gone through the roof."

"It's so like Sniffer to go around with his head in the clouds," Gabby observed, "that it wouldn't have made any difference."

"That's some gadget," Sniffer said, picking himself off the floor. "What do you plan to use it for?"

"How should I know," Doc snapped. "I'm a scientist. Now that I know my theory works, I am no longer interested in it. I'm already working on a super-electron telescope which will bring the planets into my backyard."

"Well, I won't keep you from your work," Sniffer said, patting a suspicious bulge under his jacket. "I have an important bank robbery case I'm working on."

"Don't let me stop you either," the Doc said sharply, as he pored over a sheaf of notes. "You know your way out."

Gabby watched Sniffer and Hotfoot leave and he noted with amusement that the portly detective was walking a foot off the floor.

With Sniffer safely out of the house, Gabby said slyly, "I think Sniffer walked off with your anti-gravity vibrator."

"What!" the scientist said heatedly. "The fool will kill himself if he uses the reverse control . . . why didn't you tell me before?"

"I'm just curious," Gabby answered, his eyes twinkling, "to know what kind of trouble he'll get into with it."

Sniffer Snoop with Hotfoot, his ever-present companion, strolled over the bridge from Doc Wackey's on the way to town. He looked down at the swirling water, musing, "I wonder how I can use this invention of Doc's to capture those bank robbers? I'll think of something . . . I always do."

Still deep in thought, he started to cross to the south side of the bridge. He was in the middle when a car roared down on him, coming from town. A block behind was another car in pursuit carrying policemen brandishing smoking guns.

Hotfoot tugged frantically at Sniffer's legs until he made him realize the danger. Too horrified to run, Sniffer reached under his coat and twisted a knob on the anti-gravity vibrator.

Instead of rising above the onrushing car, Sniffer plunged down through the road paving and into the river. Hotfoot leaped to safety on the bridge railing and looked anxiously for his master.

Meanwhile, the lead car's front wheels dropped into the hole Sniffer had made in the bridge. It rolled over once and stopped. In a matter of seconds policemen in the second car swarmed out and dragged the dazed bandits from the wrecked car.

To Hotfoot's relief he saw a bedraggled Sniffer Snoop crawl out on the river bank some distance downstream. When the small white bear caught up with him, the detective said sadly, "Nothing of Doc Wackey's ever works right. I'm glad I lost that invention in the river."

"Ah, well," he sighed, "I'll have to use my wonderful powers of deduction and capture the bandits without the Doc's help."

Hotfoot merely looked at him, eyes wide with amazement.



# DAFFY

WHY, DEKE, THIS DARLING BEAR DOESN'T WANT TO WRESTLE... HE JUST WANTS TO HUG ME!

GRAWK! DON'T ENCOURAGE HIM, DAFFY! HE'S A GRIZZLY!



THIS SHOULD BRING OUT GRAVESTONE'S WRESTLING TALENT TOMORROW!

**\$500**  
To anyone who can lick **DAFFY**, The Lady Wrestler!



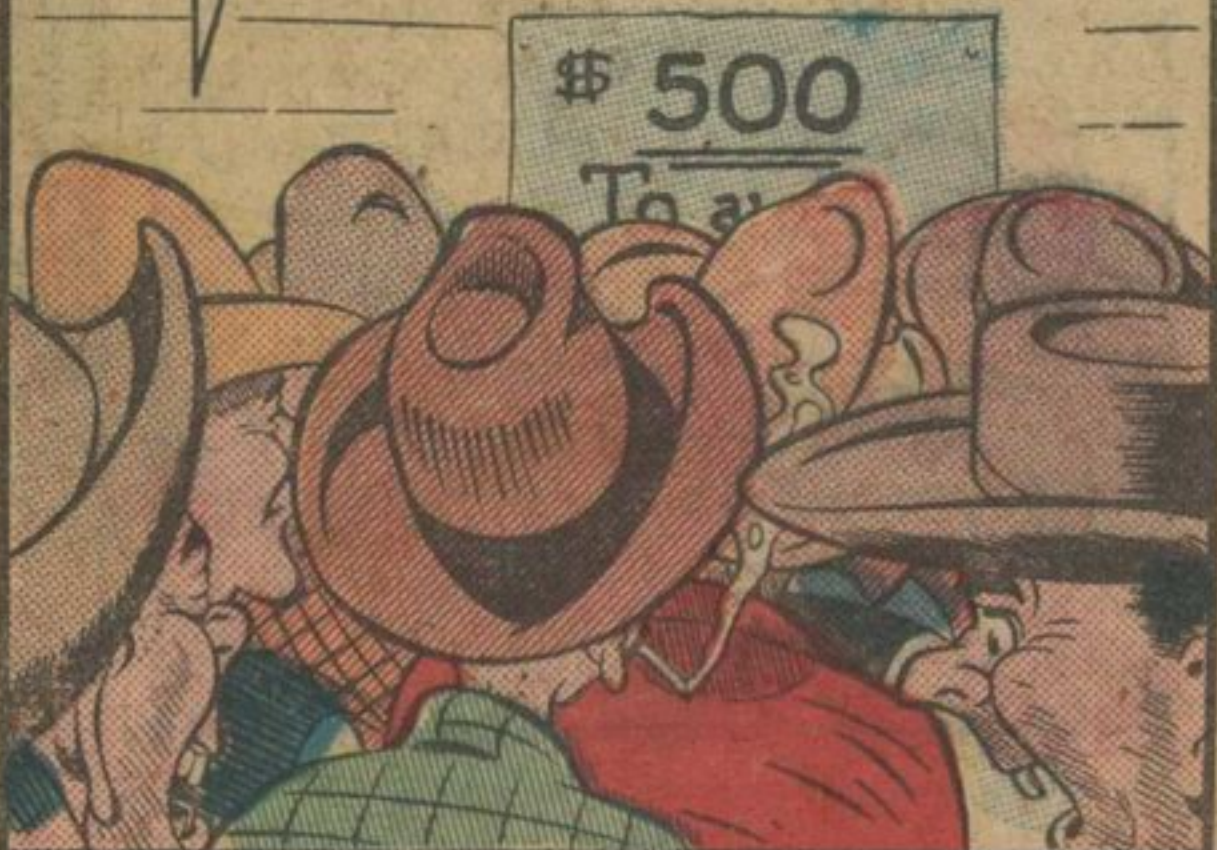
GRAVESTONE IS SUCH A PICTURESQUE WESTERN TOWN! JUST LIKE IN A MOVIE!



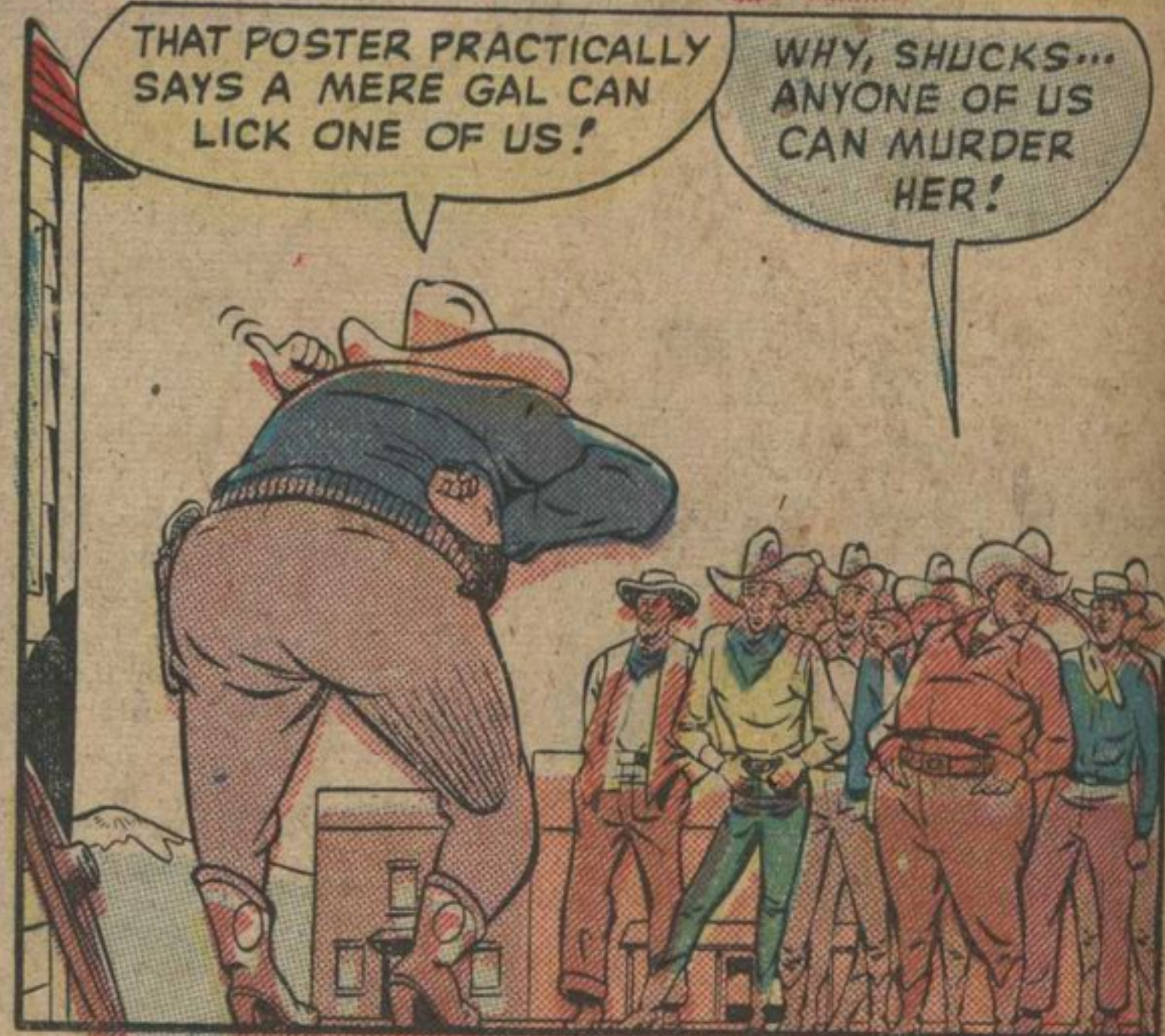
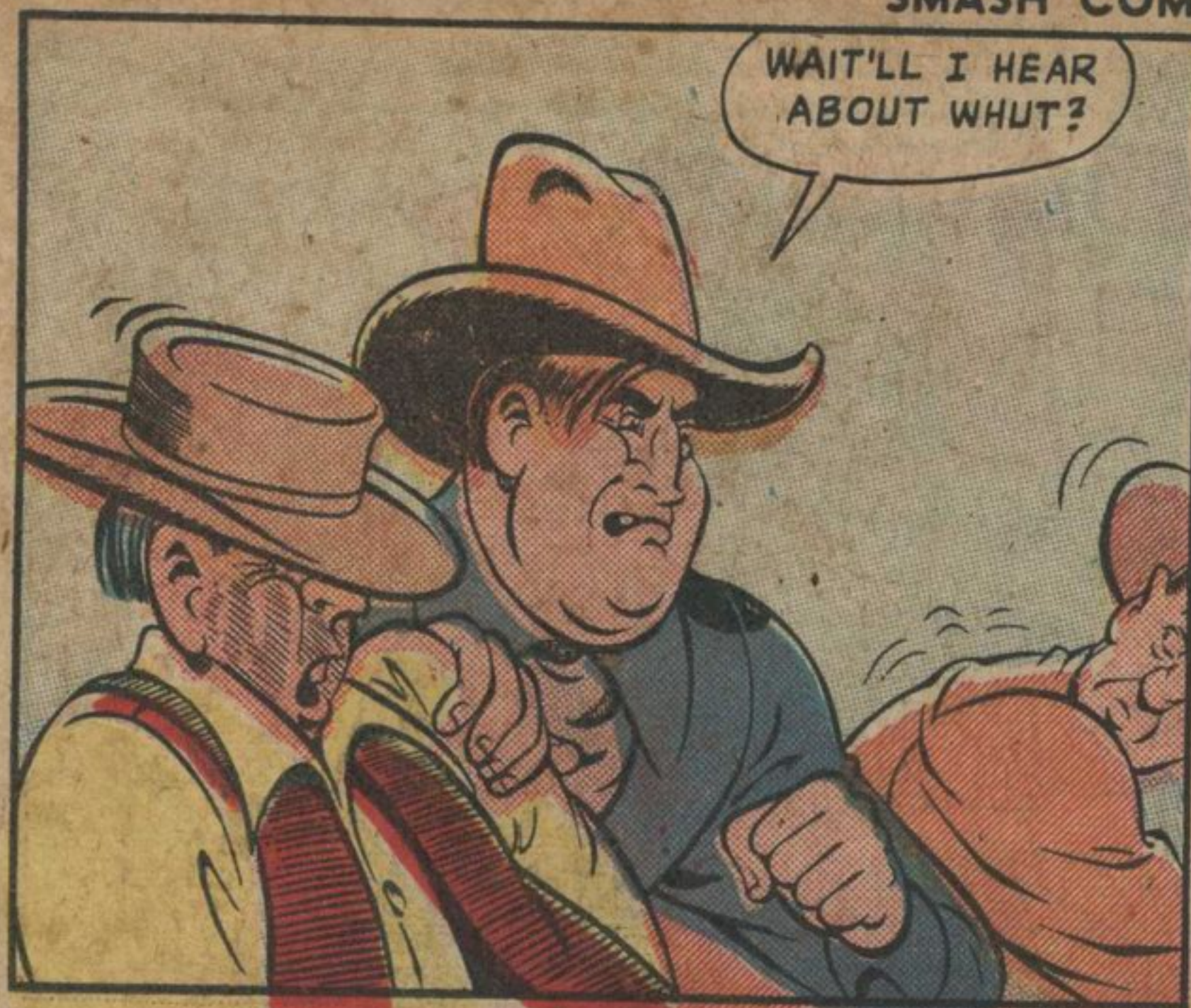
Next day...

A GAL WANTIN' TO WRESTLE US GRAVESTONE HOMBRES! HAW, HAW!

WAIT'LL BIG JED HILL HEARS ABOUT THIS!





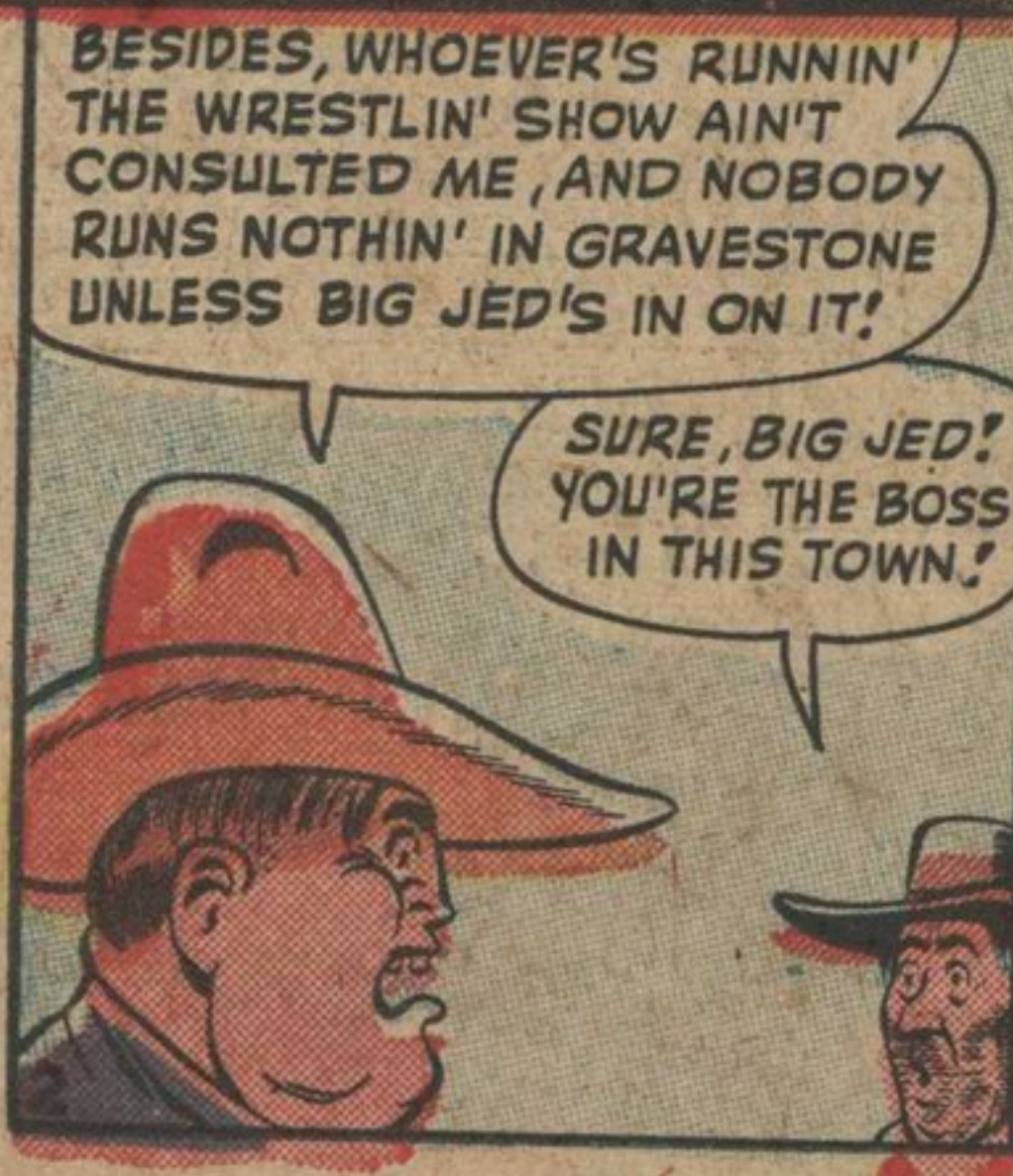


I'LL GIVE THE GAL A BEATIN' SHE'LL NEVER FORGET, BIG JED!

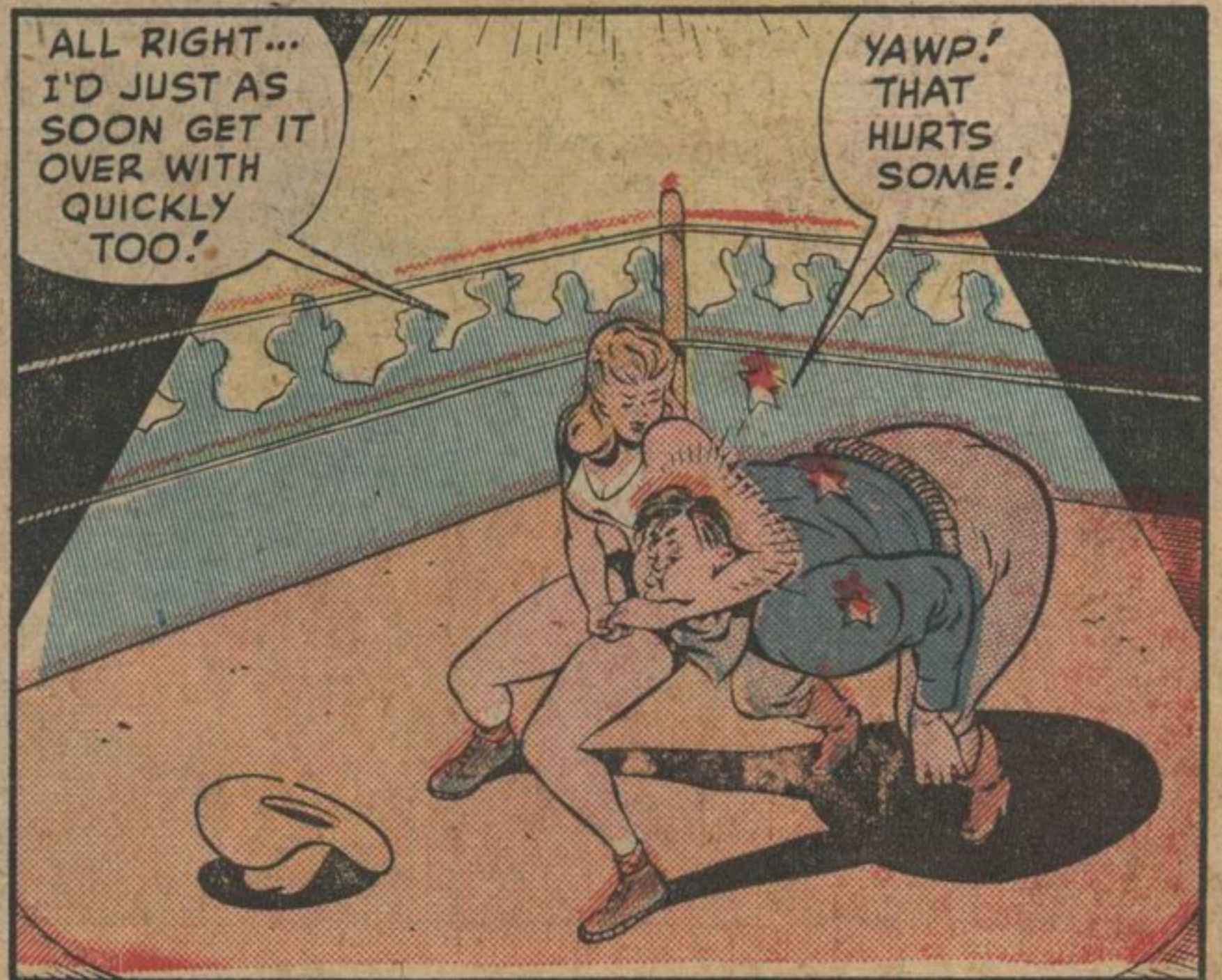
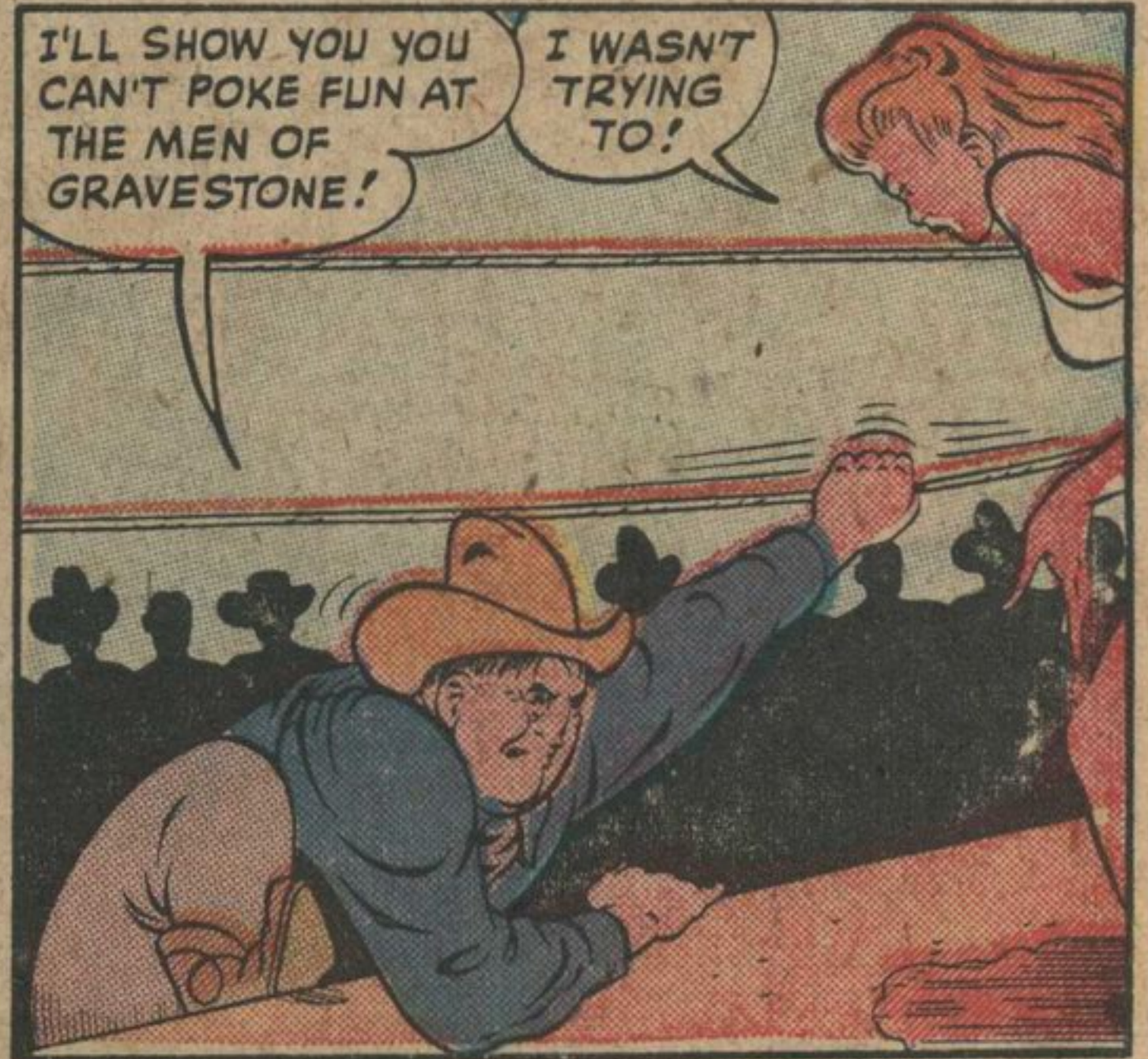
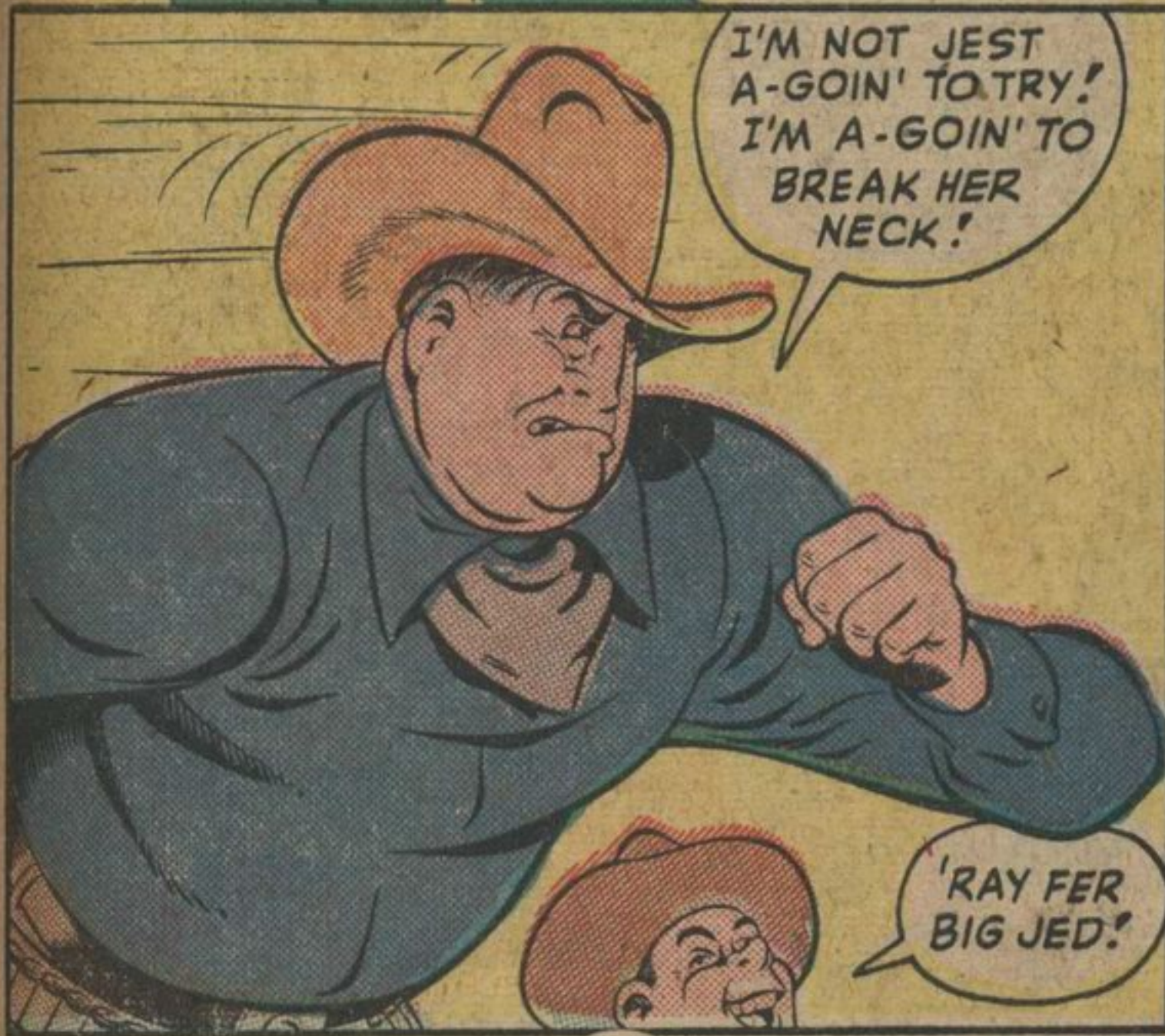
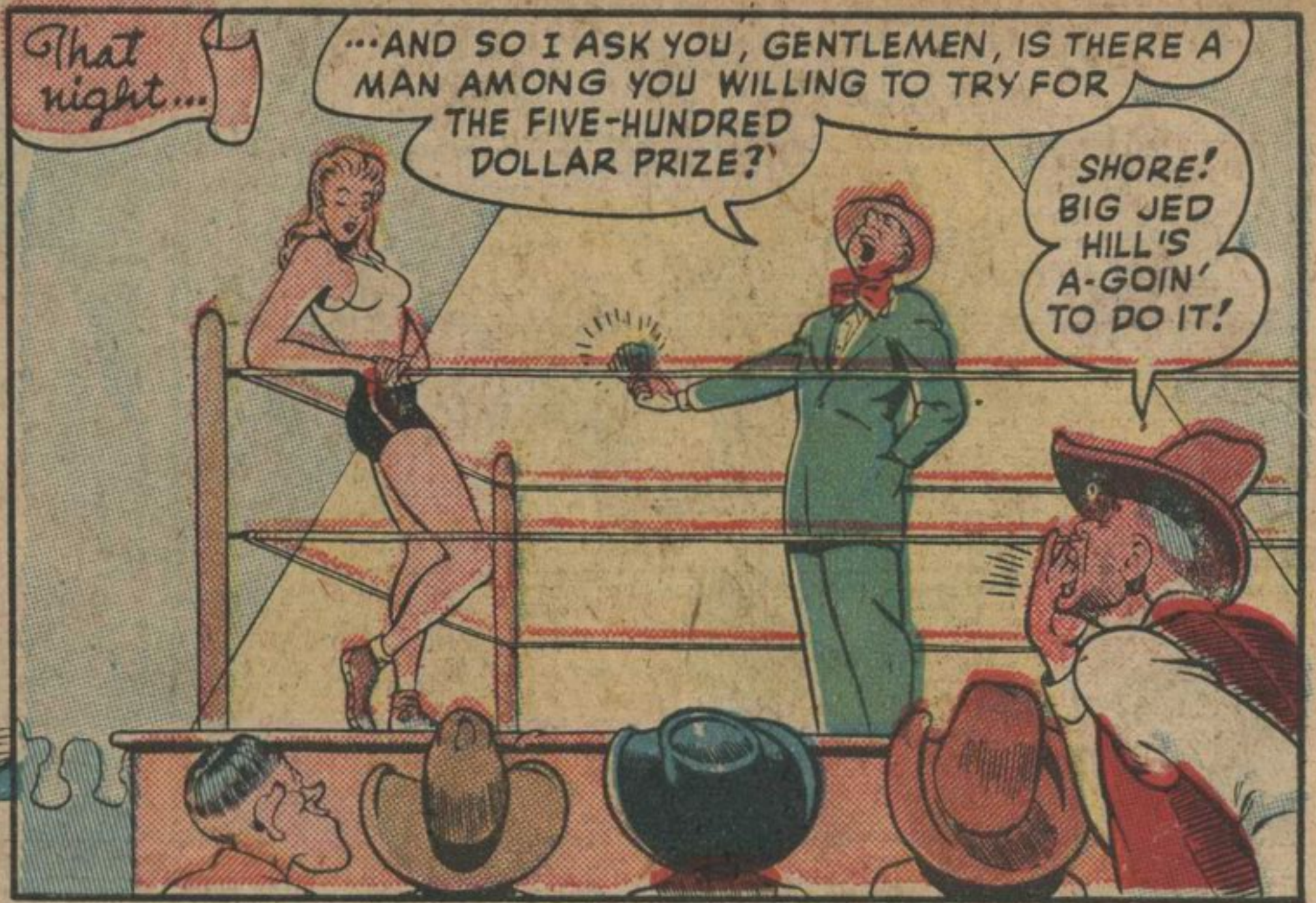
NO Y'WON'T! I'LL LARN HER THAT LESSON!

ANYWAY, DAFFY, YOU'VE GOT A CHALLENGER!

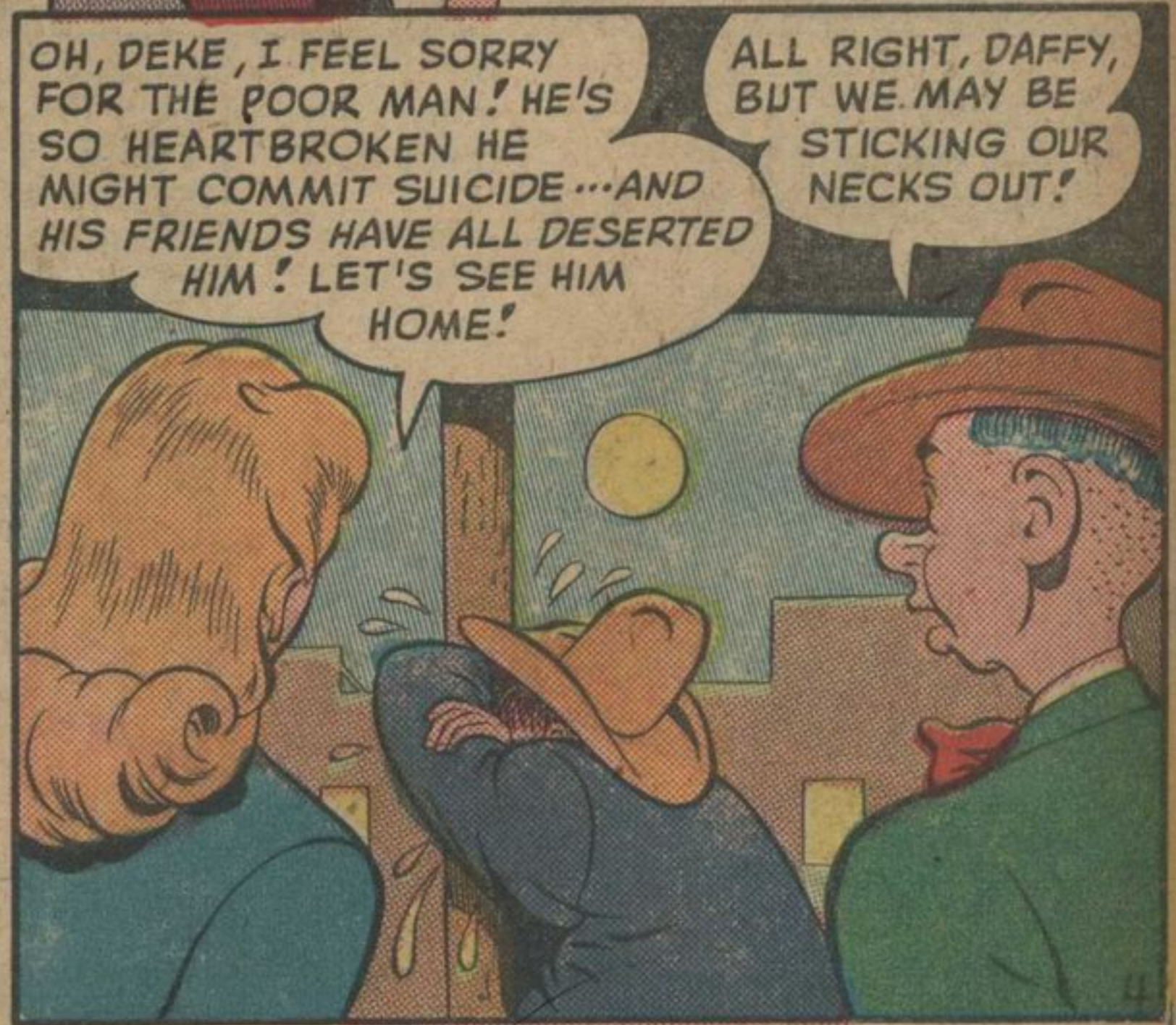
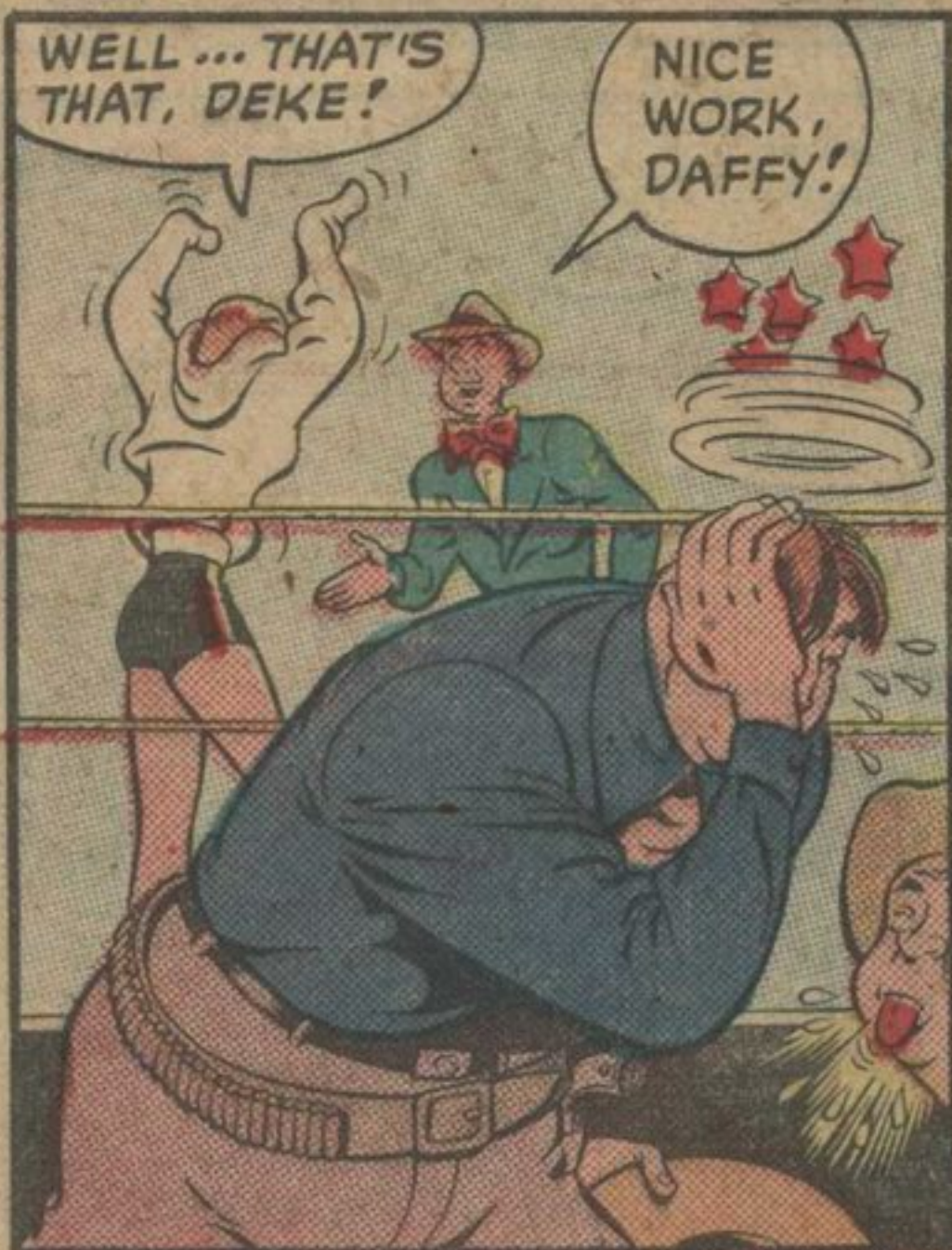
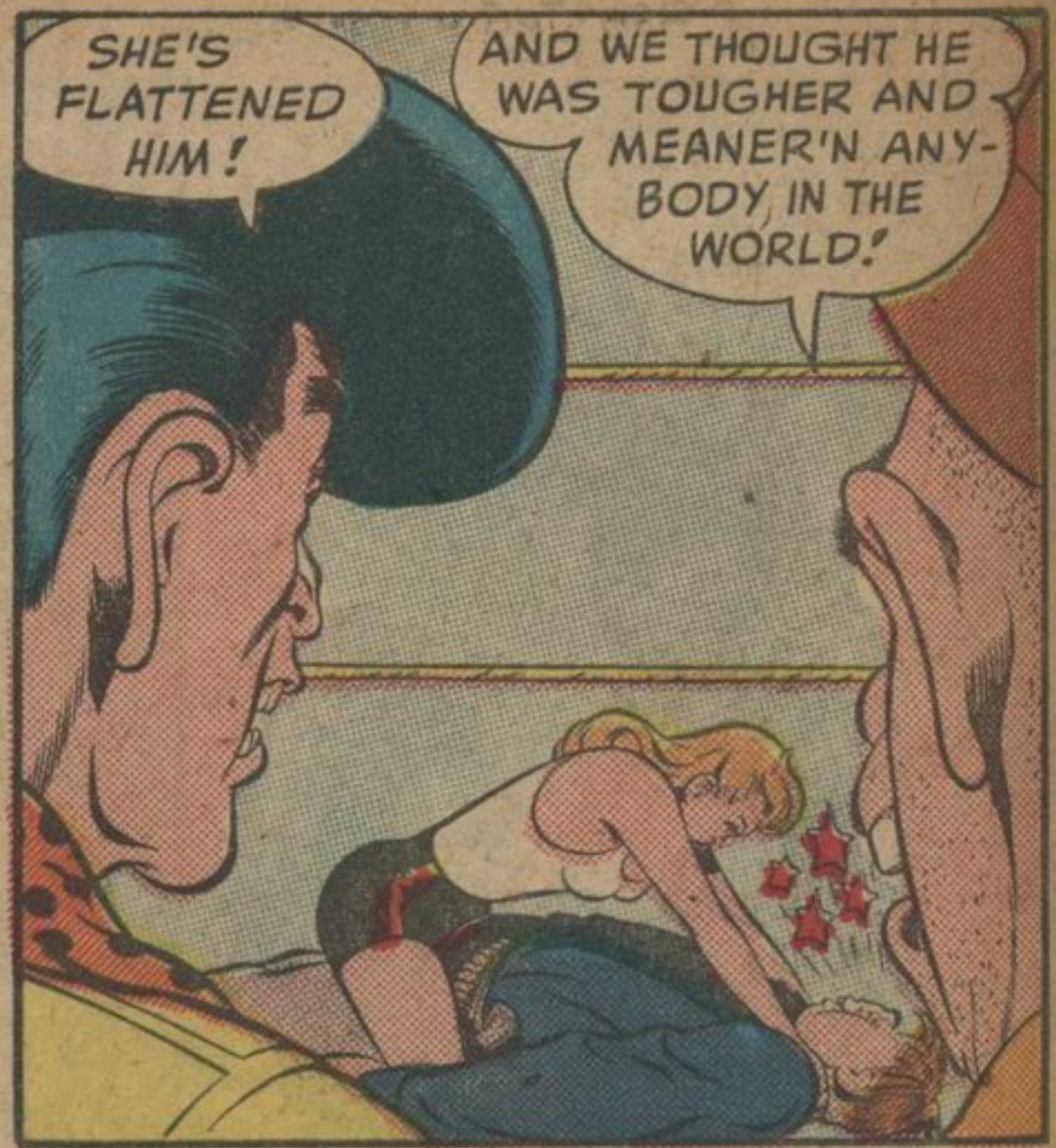
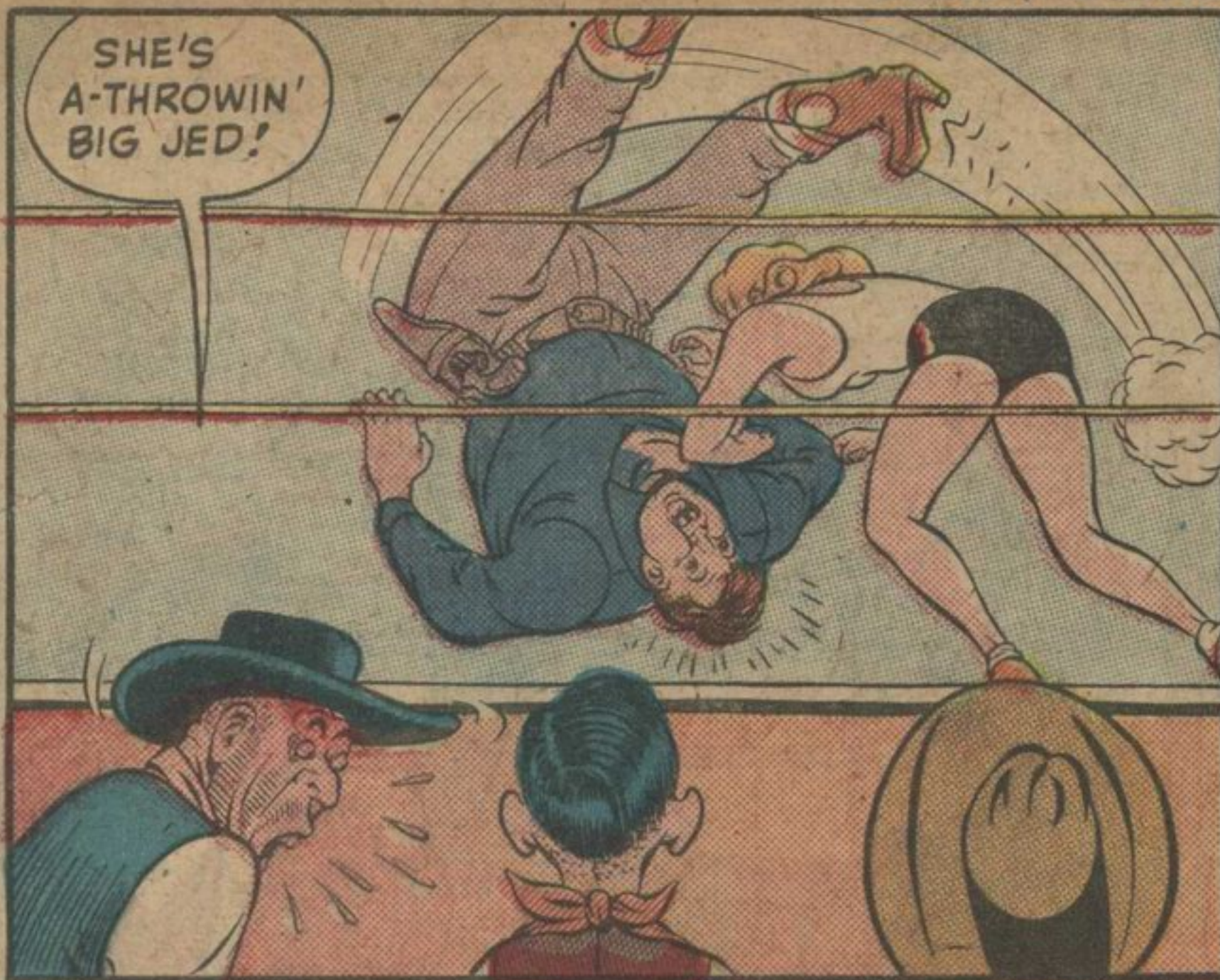
UGH! HE'S AN AWFULLY MEAN-LOOKING MAN!













In front of Big Jed's house ...

THERE! YOU'RE HOME! I GUESS YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

DEKE, LOOK AT THESE WONDERFUL, RIPE BERRIES! I MUST TAKE SOME!



I SHORE WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW...AND I'LL PAY THEM OFF FOR MY HUMILIATION!



WHEN THE BOYS SEE MY PET GRIZZLY MAULIN' THOSE TWO THEY'LL KNOW BIG JED AIN'T LICKED YET AND STILL HAS A TRICK OR TWO UP HIS SLEEVE!



RUN, DAFFY! IT'S A GRIZZLY!

I DON'T HAVE TO RUN! HE GOT RIGHT UNDER ME SOMEHOW, AND HE'S CARRYING ME!



RECKON MY GRIZZLY'S MAIMED 'EM GOOD BY NOW! I'LL GO SEE!



LOOK, DEKE, HE LOVES THESE BERRIES! I'M SO GLAD I PICKED THEM!

LOOK AT THE GAL HANDLE A GRIZZLY! SHE'S A MARVEL! WE OUGHT TO ELECT HER MAYOR!

GULP!



THAT'S FUNNY! THE GRIZZLY WAS SO AMIABLE UNTIL HE LOOKED UP AND SAW THAT MAN!

I GUESS NOBODY LOVES BIG JED! BUT EVERYBODY EXCEPT THAT BEAR WAS AFRAID TO SHOW IT, DAFFY, UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG!

HALP!





# The JESTER



As Chuck Lane, rookie cop, patrols his beat...

**BANG! BANG!**

GUNFIRE! THAT MEANS TROUBLE!



STOP, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

THOSE B&X!! SCOUNDRELS! JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I HAD 'EM!



GOOD NIGHT! MCGINTY!

DON'T STOP, CHUCK! THEY ONLY NICKED ME! GET 'EM!





# SMASH COMICS



THE NERVE OF THOSE BIRDS, WINGIN' ME, DETECTIVE SERGEANT MCGINTY!

I WISH I KNEW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



DEAD END! THE ONLY PLACE I CAN SEE WHERE THEY MIGHT HAVE DISAPPEARED IS THROUGH THIS STAGE DOOR!



I'M LOOKING FOR TWO RATS WHO JUST PUT A SLUG INTO A PAL OF MINE! DID ANY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS COME IN HERE?

NOPE, OFFICER! I DON'T ALLOW ANYONE BUT THE

SHOW FOLKS THROUGH THIS DOOR!



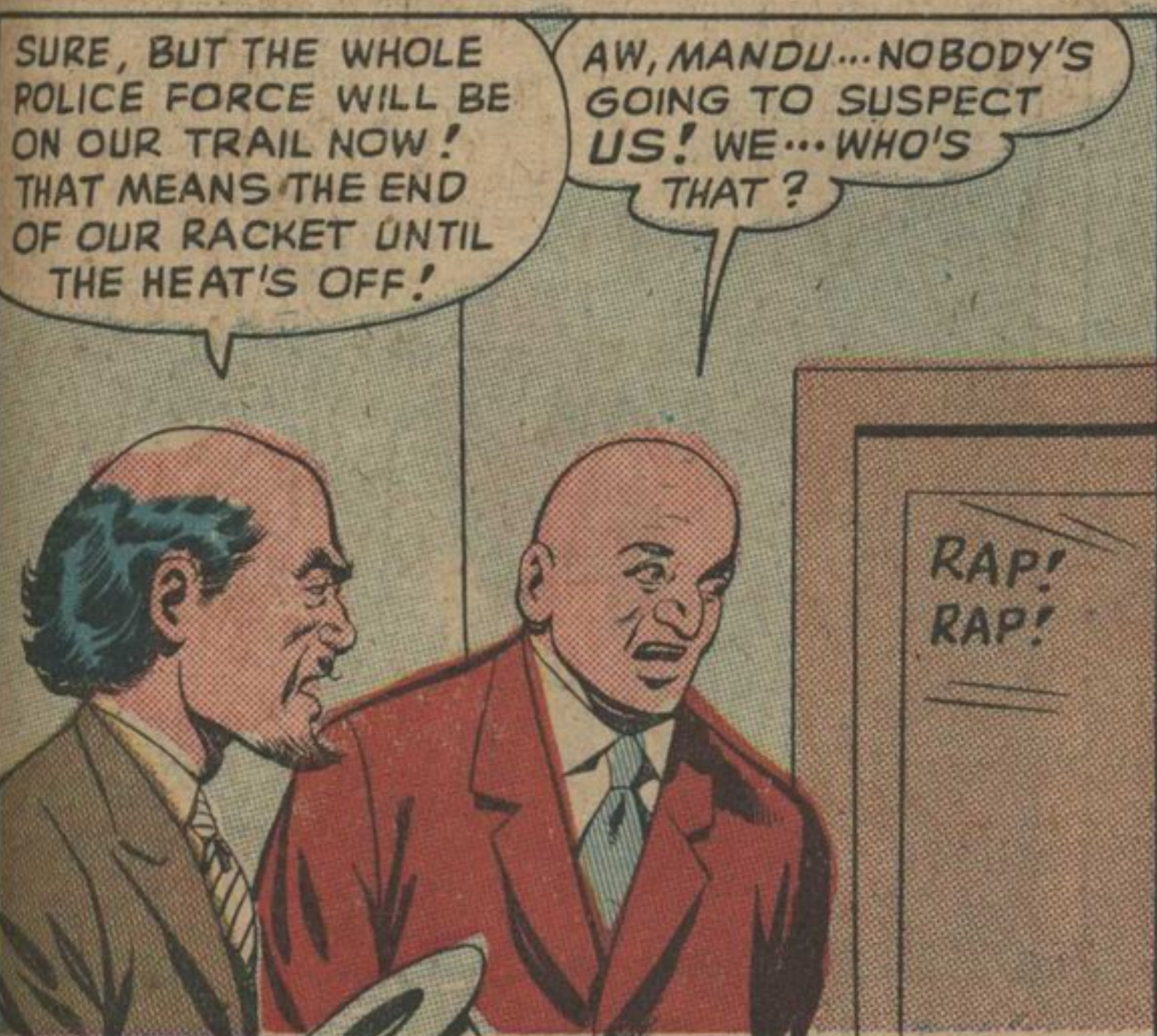
MANDU AND HIS MAN ALI JUST GOT HERE! YOU MIGHT ASK THEM IF THEY SAW ANYBODY!

HMM! THOSE COULD BE THE ONES I'M AFTER!



ALI, YOU CRAZY FOOL! WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF PLUGGING A DICK?

I HAD TO, MANDU! IT WAS OUR ONLY WAY OUT! BESIDES, WE GOT AWAY WITHOUT ANYBODY IDENTIFYING US!



SURE, BUT THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE WILL BE ON OUR TRAIL NOW! THAT MEANS THE END OF OUR RACKET UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF!

AW, MANDU...NOBODY'S GOING TO SUSPECT US! WE...WHO'S THAT?



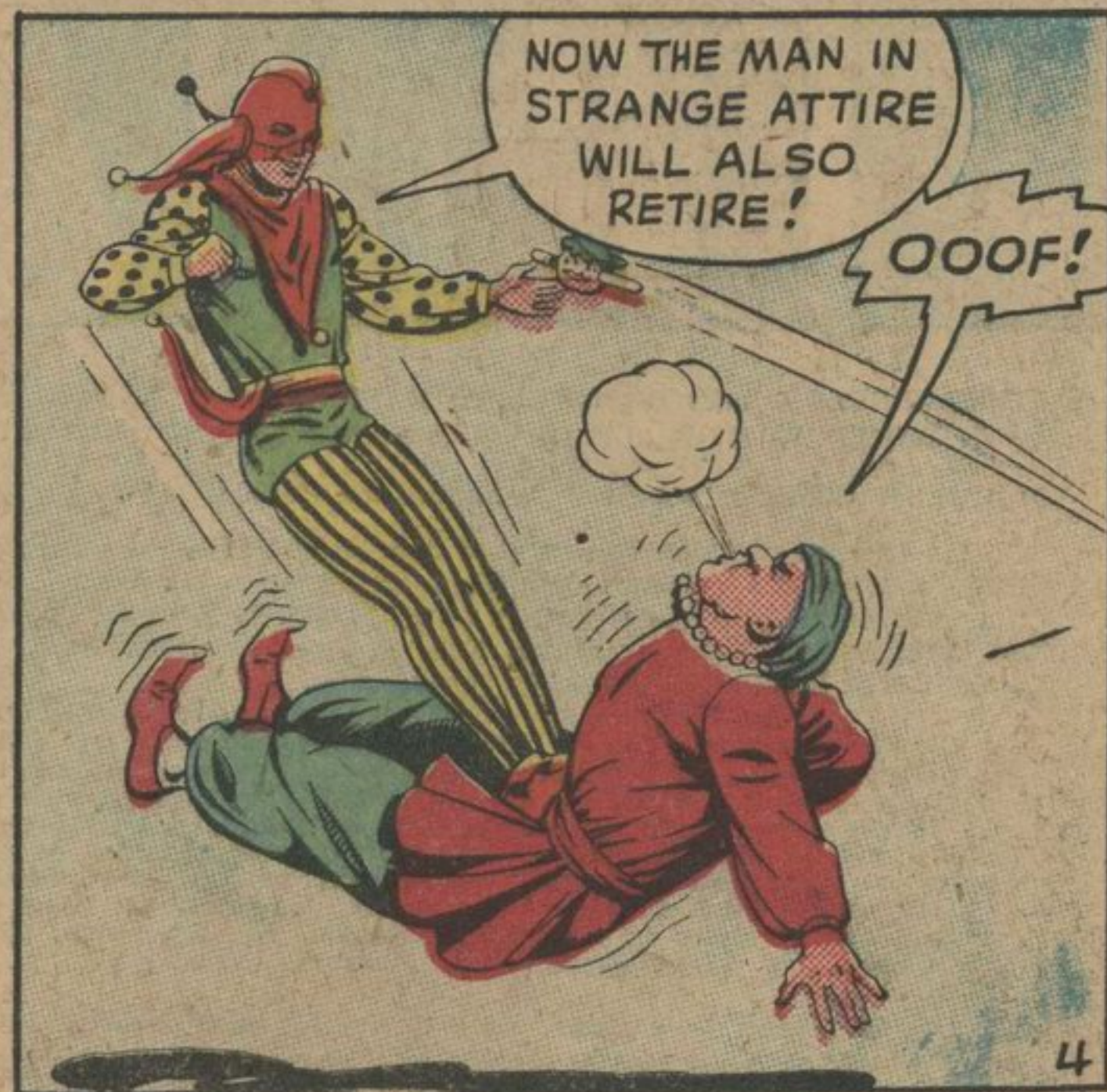
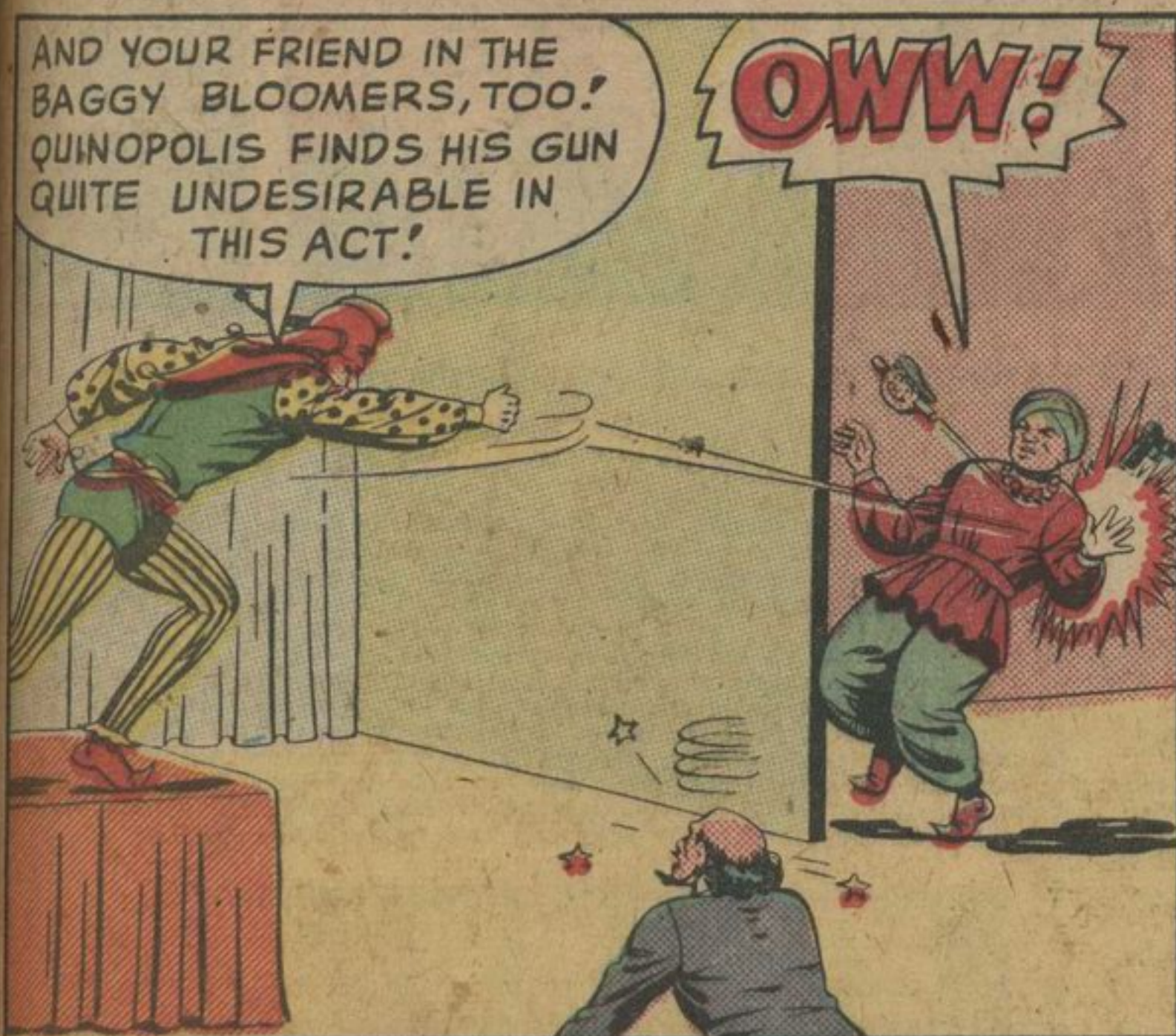
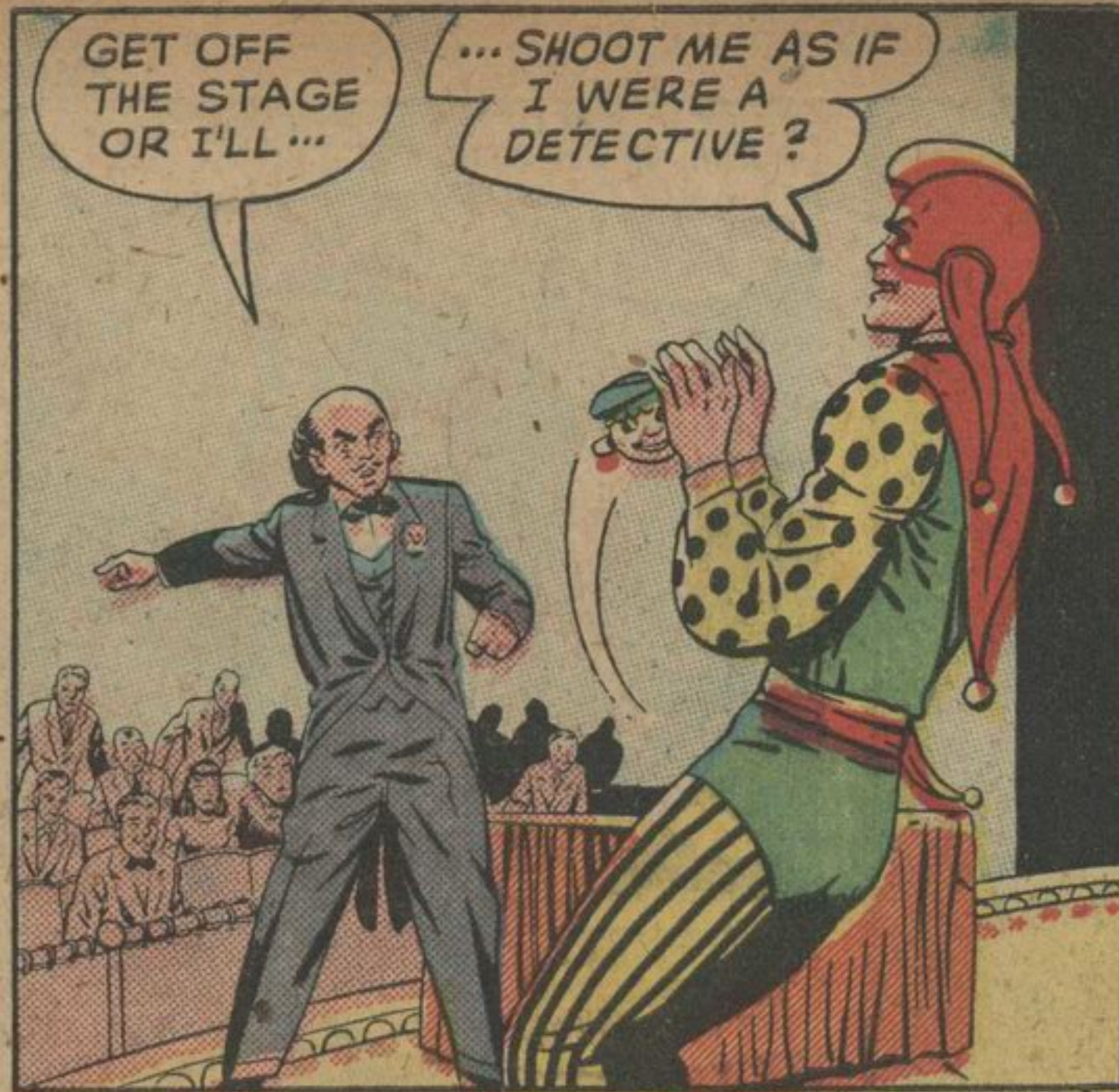
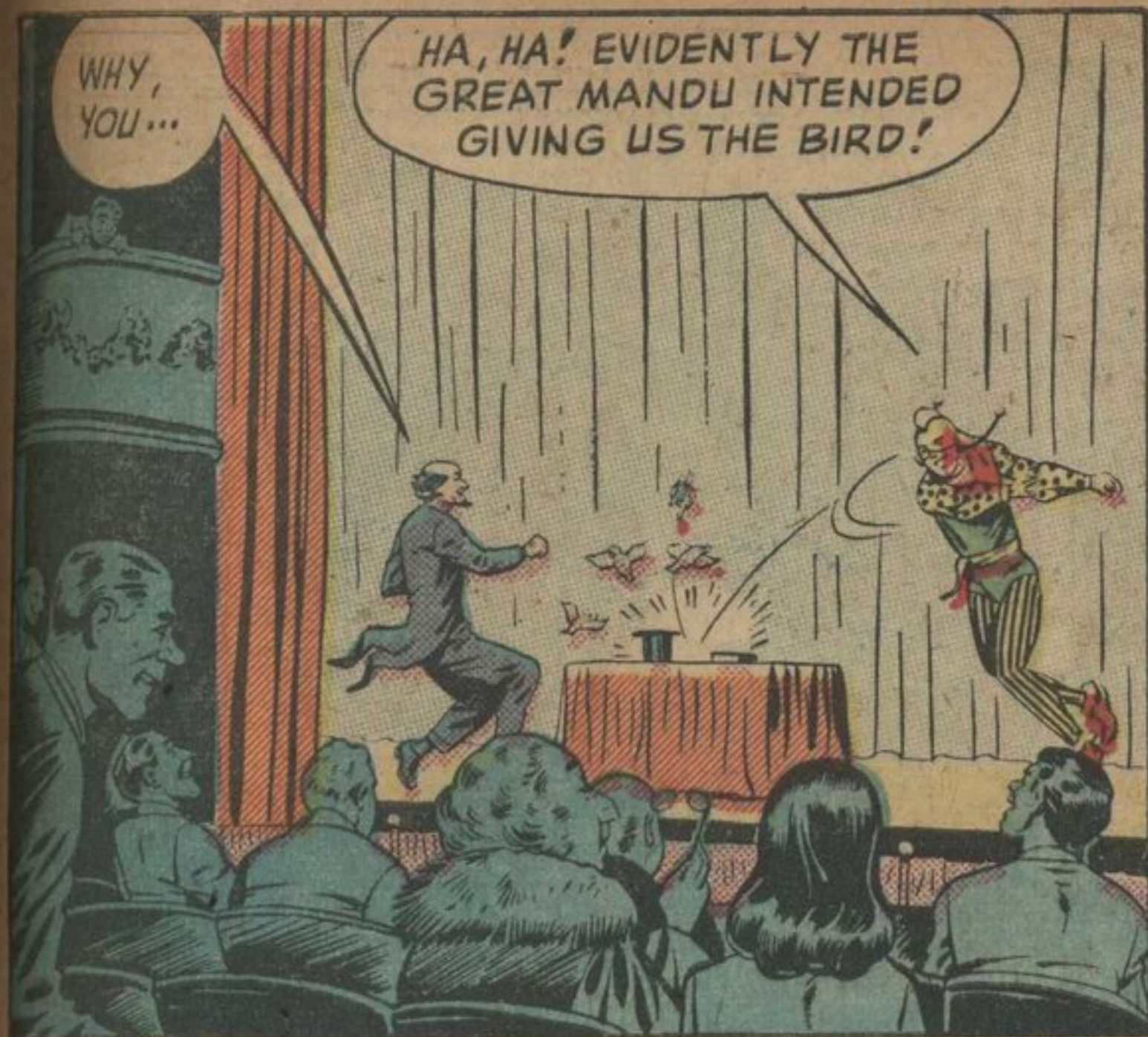
MR. MANDU? I'M HERE TO QUESTION YOU ABOUT A SHOOTING!

A SHOOTING? COME IN, OFFICER!

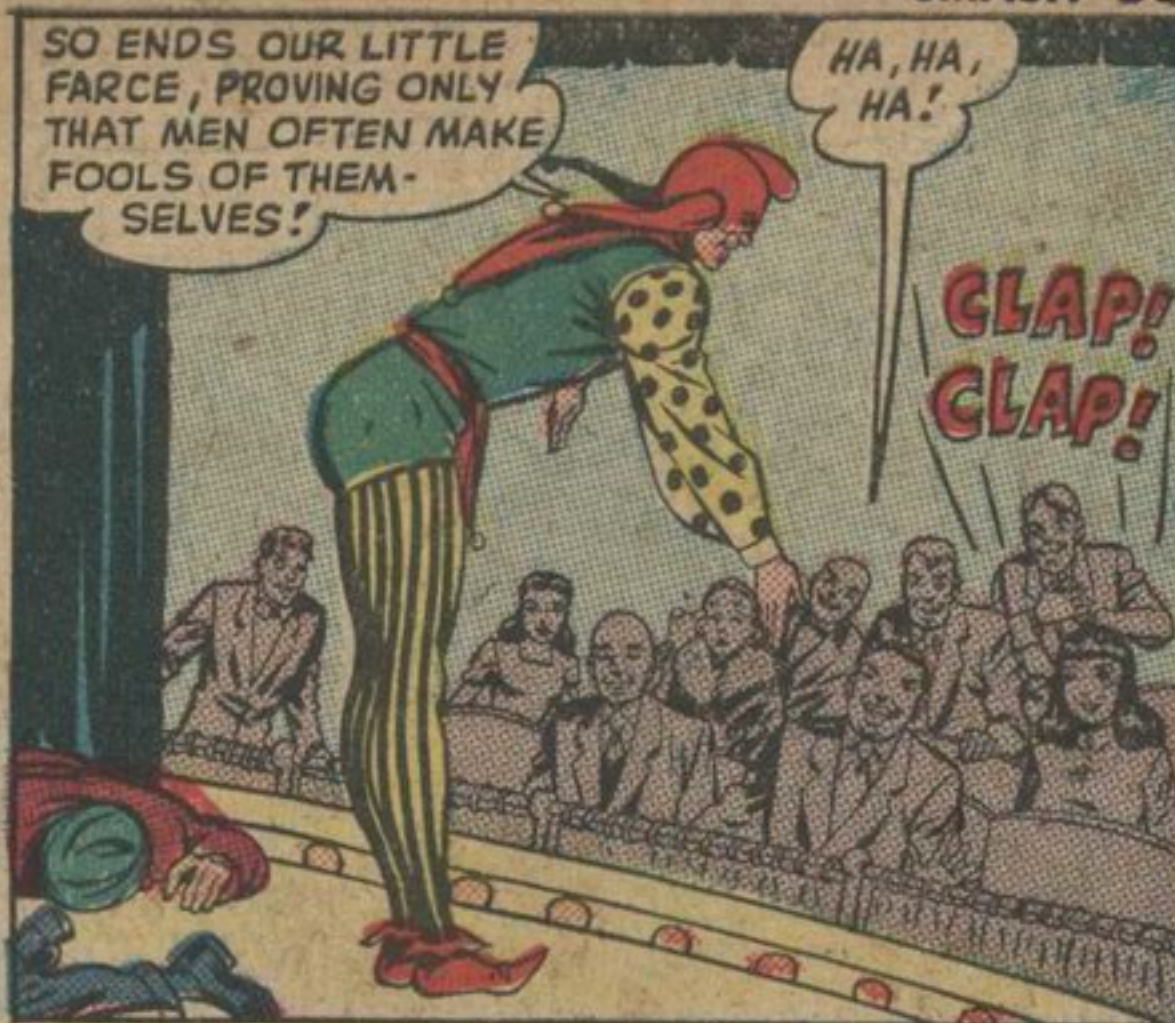












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U.S.C. 233)

OF SMASH COMICS, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1948.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Nancy Smith, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Smash Comics Inc., 578 Sumner Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None

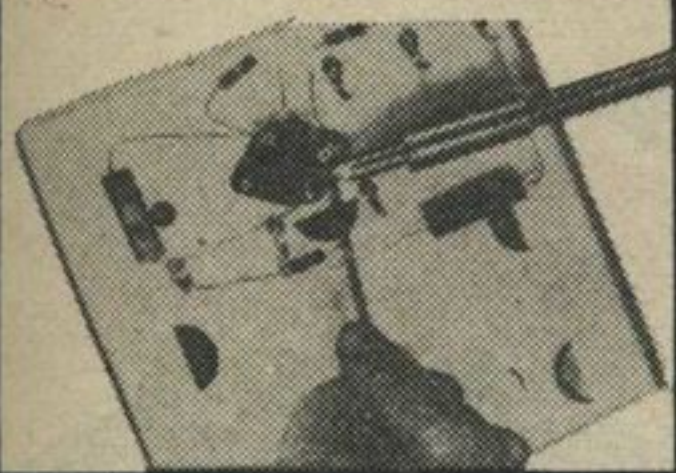
4. The two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD  
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1948.  
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)



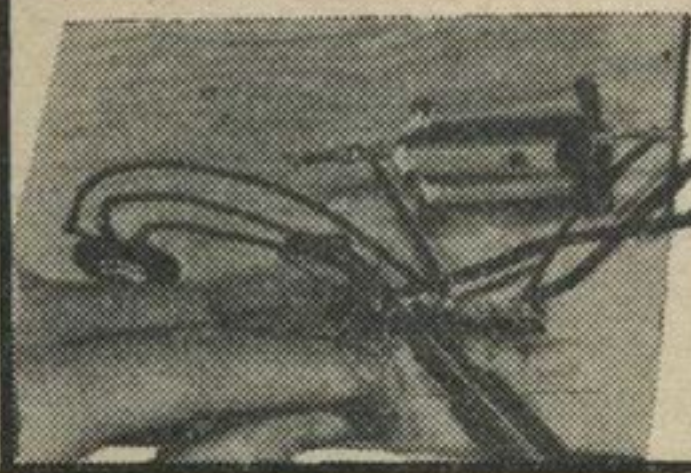
**YOU PRACTICE** Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



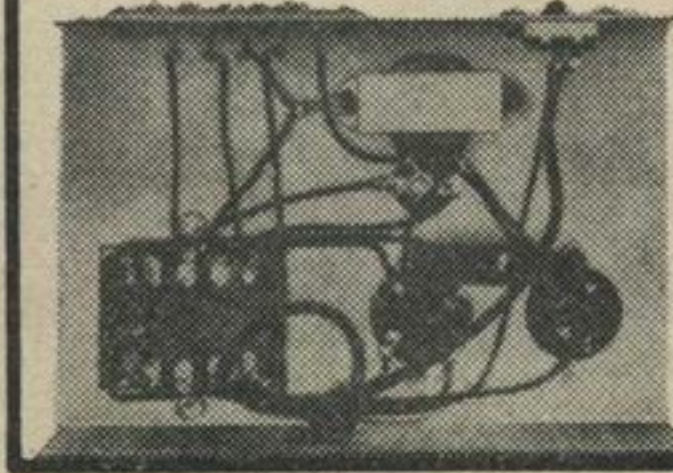
**YOU BUILD** this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



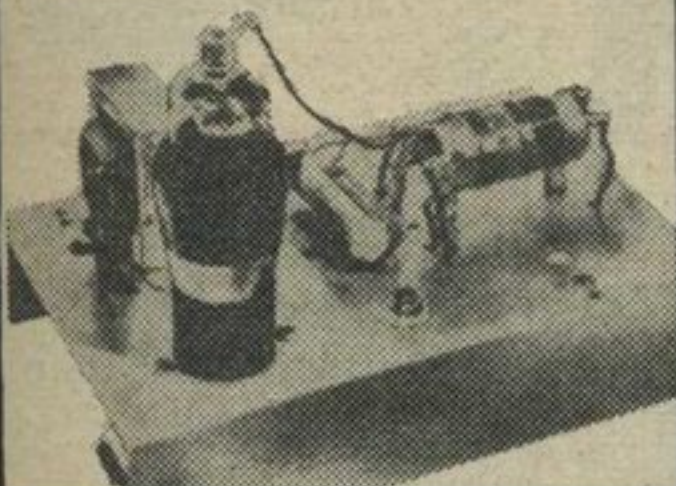
**YOU BUILD** special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



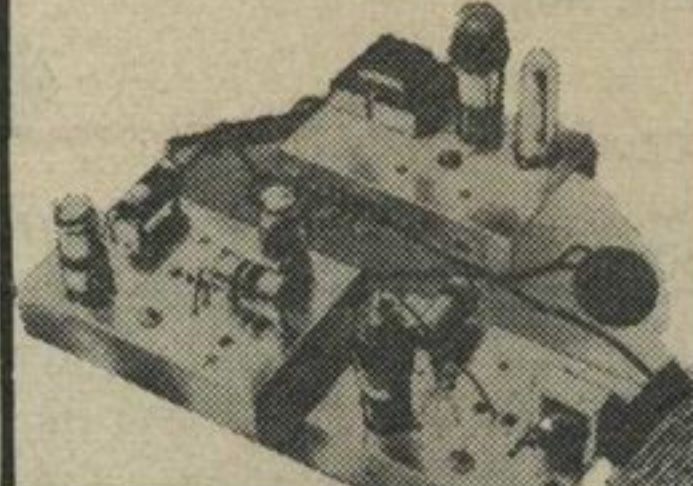
**YOU BUILD** Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



**YOU PRACTICE** with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

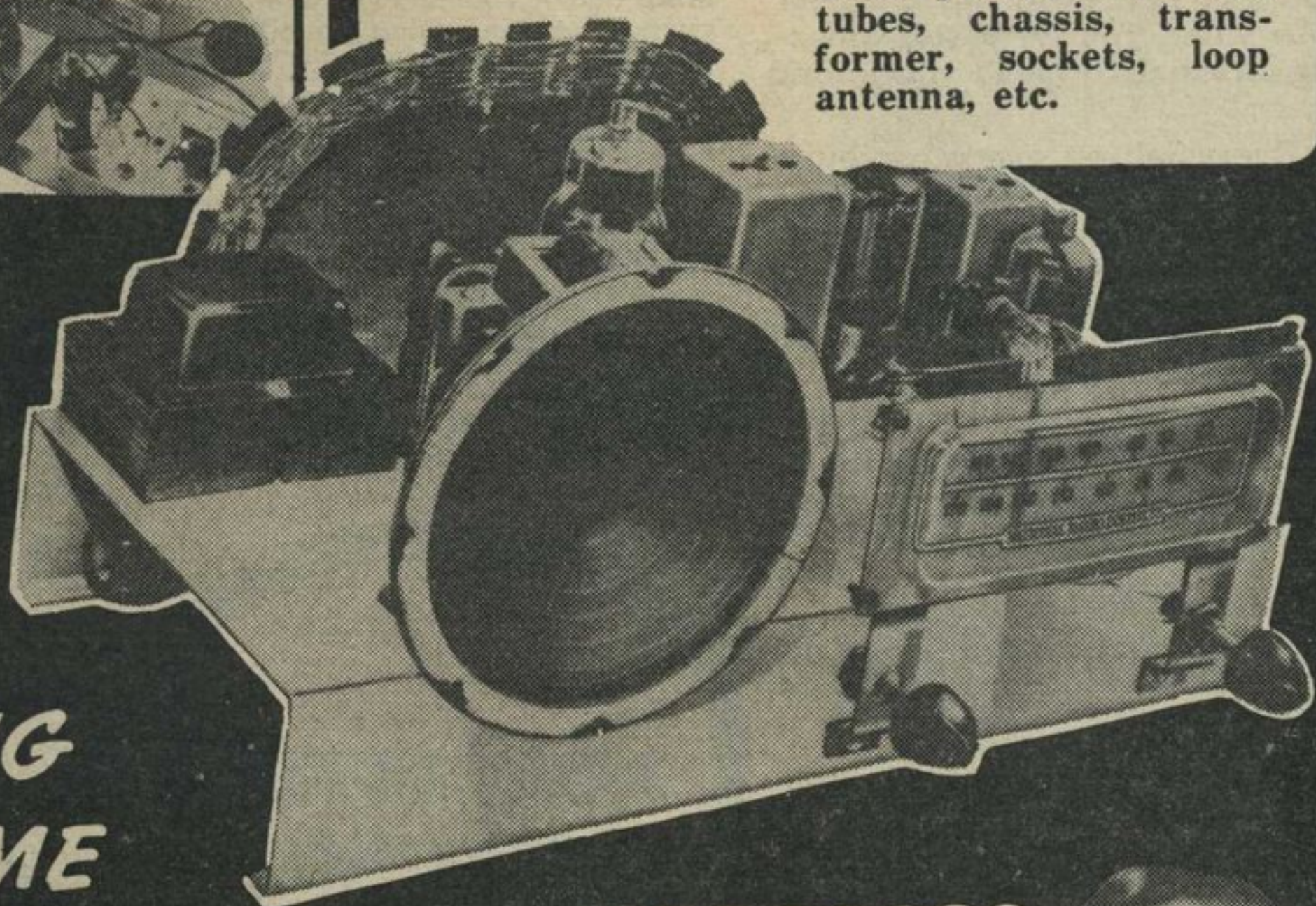


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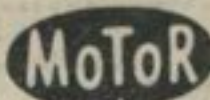
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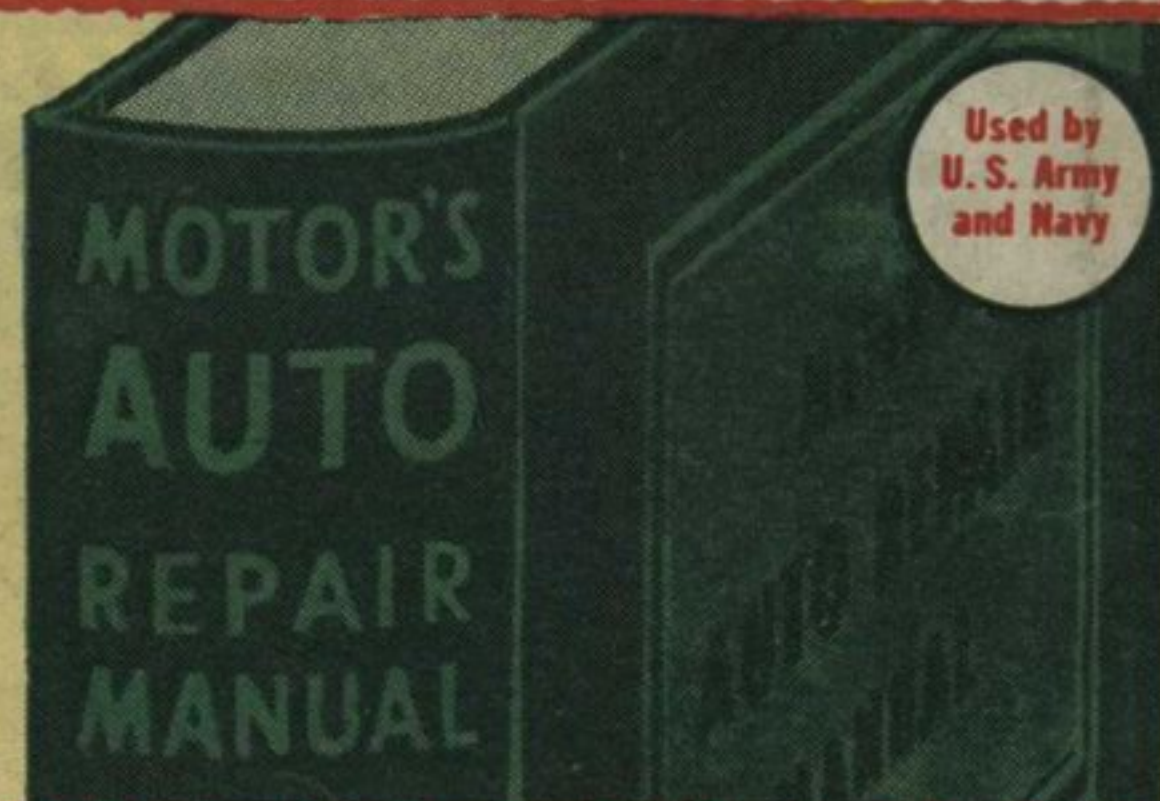


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